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CRAZY MADGE.

BY OLIVE HELL.

Through fragrant swaths of purple clover,
And tufts of violets, bright and blue;
Down shady glens, where brooklets purl
Thro' snowy blossoms starred with dew,
A woman roams from dawn till dusk,
Her brown eyes full of unshed tears;
As through the mists that shroud her soul,
She sees the bloom of by-gone years.

Far down the vale broad wheatfields lie,
Like sheets of gold beneath the sun;
While underneath a moss-grown arch
The hay-ricks rattle, one by one;
Tall white weeds fringe the hawthorne hedge
That compasses the winding lane,
While sunshine blends with purple shade
About the farm-house on the plain.

Poor hungry heart! the cool fresh air
Stirs like new wine thy languid throbs;
Even as 'mid winter's sullen storms
Re-echo back thy plaintive sobs!
The summer glow revives again
Love's burning fires within her breast,
As in her dreams poor Madge's cheek
By full warm lips are softly prest.

The willows dip their pendant boughs
In the silver pools of shallow brooks,
While Crazy Madge stoops low to read
The mystic lore of Nature's books.
She wonders, with dull senseless pain,
Why God beset her path with thorns,
Why lowering clouds for aye shut out
Hope's golden eyes and rosy morns.

Day after day she wanders on,
Her life a dream of wordless pain;
While aimless thoughts like phantoms drift
Through aching heart and dazed brain;
With simple grace she decks her hair
With crimson pinks and mignonette.
"For he loves flowers," she softly says,
"And he must know I'm constant yet."

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXII.

MADGE'S FORTUNE.

It was no very pleasant position in which the venturesome scout found himself. The farmer was a muscular, broad-shouldered fellow, with fists hardened into sledge hammers by toil. He looked, too, as if he meant to punish the daring intruder upon his premises.

"I'd have you know that we don't harbor deserters in these quarters," he angrily exclaimed.

"You harbor tories, and that's worse," Perce boldly answered.

"What do you mean?" cried the farmer furiously. "I've flung men down stairs before now for less insults."

"Don't try it on me then, my rustic friend," said Perce, "I wouldn't like to leave this house without a master, so don't force me to fall on you and smother you."

"Blast your eyes, you will have it then!" yelled the infuriated farmer, rushing at him with clenched fists.

He reckoned, however, somewhat without his host. Perce stepped aside just at the critical moment, and extending his foot tripped his antagonist, who fell with stunning force to the floor.

"There, my boy," said the scout, coolly, "I guess Jerry White's got the fight took out of him; you better sprinkle him with a basin of water, and cool him off."

With a free step Perce strode down the stairs, not quite caring to have the burly farmer attack him again.

The boy obeyed directions by administering a sly kick to his groaning master, and then running down stairs, leaving him to recover at his own sweet will.

Perce, meanwhile, had gained the road and was walking off at a brisk pace, following the deeply marked tracks of a party of horsemen who had very lately passed that way.

After tracing them for a mile, he found them bending off towards the Schuylkill by a lane that led down in that direction.

Before him was an elevated ridge of land. Hastily running to the summit of the slight acclivity, he looked off towards the river, with eyes that needed no glass to strengthen their power of vision.

The country before him was well wooded, but on either side the lane was a strip of cultivated land which opened a clear vista to the river.

"I wonder what is their game now," he said. "There is no ford at that point."

A glance satisfied him.

The waters of the deep stream were ruffled by several dark bodies, which at the distance of the observer, looked no larger than muskrats. But he was not an instant in doubt.

"I'll be shot if the risky hounds ain't swimming the river," he ejaculated, with something very like an imprecation. "The villain is off for some of his Chester county hiding places. But if he gets clear of me that easily I'm badly mistaken. I must mark his landing place, and then to horse!"

But we must leave the scout on his swift run towards the stream. We have occupied ourselves so much with the efforts of Madge Lawson's friends for her rescue that we have neglected to follow up her own fortunes. It is high time that we should return to her.

It had been a sad journey which she had made, borne on the horse and clasped with an arm of her rejected lover. She felt that it was of no avail to struggle, surrounded as she was by a dozen brutal-looking desperadoes.

Resource to an appeal for help was prevented by a handkerchief which her captor had tied firmly round her mouth. So, though they passed in the gathering gloom within sight of the British sentries, she was unable to give vent to a sound. The most of the ride, however, was through unfrequented lanes and country ways, her abductors not caring to risk too much the chances of a rescue.

It was deep darkness when they drew up at length in front of a large building, and she was carefully assisted from her horse.

She was at once taken to a room in the upper portion of the house, and the choking bandage removed from her face.

"Now, mistress, you can scream to your heart's content," said the ruffianly-looking farmer who accompanied her; "that is, if you think it will do your nerves any good; it won't hurt anybody's feelings here."

But the poor girl was little disposed then for screaming, and accepted his shrewdly intended hint of its uselessness. She fell into a seat and bent her head with despairing weakness on the table beside her, too sad at heart to attempt to answer his rude insults.

"I'll send you up something eatable," he continued, "Captain Fitz wants you treated like a lady, I'll say that for him."

She made no answer; and the door was shut and locked behind him, leaving her a close prisoner in the room.

At the same time there came to her dulled senses the faint sound of hoofs.

The troop of tories seemed to be riding away again, leaving her the prisoner of the heartless man who had just left her.

We will not dwell on the events of the next few days. She at first refused to eat, but gradually recovered from her deep depression, and some glimpse of hope returned to her as the day passed and her persecutor failed to appear.

She was confident that her friends would search for her with anxious diligence, and she had confidence enough in them to feel sure that they would eventually find and rescue her.

The room in which she was confined was a large apartment in the upper story of the house, as she knew by looking out on the trees that shrouded all view from its two narrow windows. It had but one door, which was kept firmly locked, and the windows were nailed down so that she was unable to move the sashes. It would, in any case, have been of little avail to her, as she was removed by a sheer descent of over twenty feet from the ground.

And thus the days passed in silence and care, until one day her ears caught again the sound of rapid hoofbeats, and a clamor of voices came in muffled accents through her closed windows.

She waited impatiently to learn what new move in the drama of her imprisonment this portended.

She was not long left in suspense. Quick steps came up the stairs. A hand was heard at the key. The door opened and revealed the detested form of Captain Fitz, who walked with easy nonchalence into the room.

There was a smile on the handsome face of the tory leader that was intended to be conciliatory, but which only resulted in increasing the anger with which she looked upon her villainous captor.

"I presume that by this time, Miss Lawson," he said, in a polite tone, "you may be anxious to know the object with which I have brought you to this place of safe keeping."

"I have no wish to know it," she bitterly replied, "I do not look for anything honorable from James Fitzpatrick."

A dark frown came upon his face at her words.

"You will find it hardly desirable to answer me in that tone," he said, with an effort at coolness. "You are not in a position to be so insulting."

"Yet you deem yourself privileged to insult me," was her stinging answer; "but do not imagine, sir, that you can affect me by your threats. I have never yet, I never shall fear you!"

"I will make you fear me yet, woman," he sternly replied, "if you continue to use that tone. I have wronged you to some extent, and can afford to give you a little latitude of speech. But I warn you not to try me too severely."

"I am to curb my feelings then to please your mighty will," she replied, with flashing eyes. "Perhaps you would wish me to fall on my knees and beg release from this prison with which you have furnished me? I tell you this," she continued, rising and looking down upon him with a commanding presence, "I shall never beg, nor implore. I shall never bend my soul or my will to your dictates."

"Very heroic, my lady," he said, looking up at her flashing face: "you can be dramatic, I see. But your acting will hardly help matters any. You are in my power and shall bend to my will, despite all your lofty resolves to the contrary."

She looked at him with burning indignation, but he only replied with a mocking smile, insultingly holding up the key which he had withdrawn from the lock of the door.

A moment, and then a sense of utter helplessness came upon her. She fell heavily back upon the chair from which she had risen, and burst into a flood of tears.

"There, that is more womanlike," said the villain, who seemed to have looked for some such finale. "You can get round me better with a wet eye than with a railing tongue. I mean you no harm, Madge. I love you, and intend you shall be my wife. You favored me once, but you have forced me by your late perverseness to take decided steps with you."

"DO YOU WISH TO INSULT ME CAPTAIN COLLINS?"

"Oh, sir!" she cried, with tearful eyes, "Release me! Restore me to my parents! They must suffer deeply with grief at my loss. You will not, you cannot, be so hard and cruel as to retain me from them."

"Is this the lady who a moment ago vowed to never implore me?" he mockingly replied. "It seems to me that Madge Lawson is assuming a gentler and more tractable tone."

"For their sake! For pity on my poor father and mother!"

"I care nothing for them," was his cold reply. "I shall scarcely give up the advantage I have gained for any so light consideration."

"Have you no pity? I have never harmed you," she pleadingly said.

"You have harmed me. You have scorned me and contemned my love. I have you in my power now. You shall never be free again except as my wife."

"Then shall I never be free," she replied, rising and dashing the tears from her eyes; "your wife I shall never be, either by force or fraud."

"You can afford to vow, Mistress Madge," he said, with a mocking laugh, as he caught her hand in his, "the old saw says: 'let those laugh who win.'"

Her reply was to tear her hand from his grasp, and to dash it, with all her strength, across his mouth.

There was something devilish indeed in the look which he gave her, as he again caught her hand.

Madge trembled with a sense of fear and helplessness, as she looked into his cruel features. She bit her lips in a desperate inward struggle to keep the sense of dread from her face.

At this instant there came a loud knock upon the door, followed by a hasty voice saying:

"The boy has given the danger signal! We must be off without a minute's delay."

"Yes, yes, I will be, there in a minute."

"There are no minutes to spare. It may be McLane's dragoons. Come, it will not do to wait for them."

"Then, by all that's good, you shall go with me!" he hissed to his captive. "I will not lose you that way."

Flinging his arm around her, he lifted her as if she had been a child, and, opening the door, rushed hastily down the stairs.

Another warning cry reached his ears as he descended. In a minute more they were on horseback, Madge being supplied with a horse to herself, with Fitz on one side of her and the giant, who had captured her before, on the other.

Away they went, at the full speed of the horses, down the quiet country road.

"Which way, Captain?" asked the giant. "The roads ain't safe at this time of day."

"To the river. We must swim it. Once across, we can laugh at pursuit."

Madge looked with fear at the dark, rolling waters, as the horses were headed directly to the river shores.

They seemed inclined to swerve, but their rough riders knew no fear, and forced them into the deep waters.

It was at a narrow point of the river, and the current was very slow, so that the difficulty of crossing was much less than it appeared to her unaccustomed eyes.

In a very few minutes they were across the stream, and climbing up the opposite bank.

Across the open and unsettled country they rode on, at the full speed of their spirited horses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAIR AND FALSE.

Shortly after the battle of Germantown, the British forces were withdrawn from the camp at that locality, and centred around Philadelphia, probably from a desire to avoid further surprise from their active enemy.

Letty Snyder had been over to Germantown in the morning of the day of the withdrawal, and came home brimful of the good news.

"They are going, daddy, root and branch, Hessian and Britisher," she cried, fairly dancing in her glee. "Before night there will not be a red-coat within five miles of us. Won't it be a blessing to see our brave again, and to hear 'Yankee Doodle,' instead of 'God Save King George?'"

"And to have a set of wild troopers running us down, eh, Letty?" said the indulgent father.

"Well, it's British troopers or American troopers. If you like the red-coats best, I don't."

"Captain Conrad don't wear red, I think," said old Snyder, with a sly wink. "But I had a notion, Letty, that that gay Britisher, Captain Collins, was a-making up to you."

"Captain Collins, indeed!" she cried, tossing her head disdainfully. "If he only knew what I thought of him we would not see much of him here."

"Dear me, I thought you were took with him sure enough," said the father, holding up his hands in surprise. "Well, if there's anything that will beat a woman at cheatin' the men, I've got to know it."

"Do you think he was soft towards me, daddy?" asked Letty, coaxingly.

"Soft? He's jist as spoony as pot-pie."

"Real smitten? Wanting to make love, and all that?"

"Now, girl, there's some deviltry in you," said old Snyder. "I see it looking out of your eye. Now don't be playin' tricks on the British Captain. It mightn't be safe."

"Tricks, daddy? I won't hurt him—wouldn't for the world?" said Letty, innocently. "What's more, they're off—foot and horse, sword and musket, and we're well rid of them all."

"Who are these coming, then? Some of Conrad's men?" said Snyder, pointing down the road.

"Red-coats!" cried Letty, in surprise. "And my own brave Captain at their head! Well, well, I thought he could not go without a good-bye."

She ran, laughing, into the inn.

The troop rode jingling up to the door, and there halted.

In a few moments, Letty heard a voice without inquiring for her.

"Do you want to see me, Captain Collins?" she asked, opening the door of the best room, in which she had found refuge.

"Yes," he replied. "We are on the route; but I could not part from you without a farewell."

"But, bless us, Captain, where are all your soldier-clothes?" she cried, looking curiously at the officer, who was in civilian's dress.

"Gone on with my baggage to Philadelphia," he replied. "We had a farewell ball last night, in which I appeared in citizens costume, and my stupid servant packed everything else in the baggage, and sent it forward."

"They become you, Captain," she said, looking at him, admiringly. "But what's that? There goes your troop! They are running away from you!"

"I ordered them to ride on," he said, calmly. "I am not just in trim to ride into the city at the head of my dragoons."

"But it may be dangerous for you to stay here. The Americans will not be long behind you."

"The rebels will keep clear of us while the wind bears to them the faintest fragrance from our encampment," he said, haughtily. "Then they will creep, like curs, for the bones we leave behind."

Letty bit her lip, as a flush mounted to her face. She restrained the sharp answer that rose to her tongue.

"Then you leave some bones behind?" she asked innocently.

"Metaphorically, Letty," he replied, seating himself nonchalently. "Come sit here. I want to talk to you. We will drop all such unpleasant topics as wars and the burning of powder, and treat of softer themes."

"I don't like soft themes," she said, with a shrug.

"But, Letty—Miss Oh perhaps I Snyder, ay—" should syou can call me Letty, if it will do you my good."

"Do me good? You do not know how I prize the privilege," he said, enthusiastically. "Sit here, Letty, I have something special to say to you."

"I could always listen better standing," she coolly replied.

He sprang to his feet at once, as if he felt that there was a latent reproach in her words.

"I am going, Letty who can tell for how long," he said, with a voice of deep emotion. "I could not forget our hours together. I could not depart without——"

"But bless us, Captain, you are only going to Philadelphia, which is only six miles away," she cried, interrupting him. "Are you afeard that the Yankees won't ever let you ride out here again?"

"They won't stop me," he said, proudly. "But who can tell what may happen. You may forget me, or think I have forgotten you. Some one else may claim this dear hand—this hand which I love and desire above all others in the world."

She snatched from him the hand which he had taken and was pressing fondly in his own.

"I do not understand you, sir," she said, coldly, drawing her form erect.

"You do not understand me!" he cried, earnestly. "Can I speak more plainly? What shall I say? That I love you—love you devotedly—love you with all my soul? Dear Letty, if you know how strongly I desire the boon of your love in return, you could not treat me so coldly. You could not hear my plea with such a look. Let me entreat again this dear hand——"

"Do you wish to insult me, Captain Collins?" she answered, with a hot flush on her face. She rapidly crossed the room and stood with her hand on the latch of the opened door.

"Oh, do not go thus," he cried, eagerly.

"I have heard enough, sir," was her bitter answer. "I know you British officers, and what stuff you think we American girls are made of. You have insulted me, sir, and I never wish to look upon your face again."

"Insulted you! Good heavens, insulted you!" he cried, with passionate feeling. "Is a confession of love then an insult."

"Yes," was her reply. "Coming from you to me. From you, a proud aristocrat, to me a poor, humble girl. You would disdain to make me your wife. What have I done, what lightness have you seen in my manner that you dare address words of love to me?"

"What is your poverty to me?" he cried, with seeming indignation, grasping her hand and drawing her back from the door. "Why do you think me so base?"

"How long will you be in Philadelphia? What will I see of you?" she said, looking earnestly into his eyes. "A month—a year—then you are gone forever, and I left deserted."

"No, never, Letty," he cried, enthusiastically, drawing her closer to him. "I am not so base as you deem me. Your love is the dearest thing on earth to me. Can I cherish it for a moment and then throw it idly away? No, not while I bear the heart of a man."

His arm stole slyly around her waist. Her eyes looked up into his with a confiding glance.

"But I will not see you," she said, softly. "Your troops are withdrawing. The rebels will follow. They will occupy this country. I cannot have you coming here at the risk of your life."

"Regiments of them shall not hinder me from seeing you."

"Now, that is nonsense," she said, firmly, withdrawing herself from his embrace. "You are not a Hercules, to whip men in platoons."

"The rebels are not encamped here," he said, in a vexed tone. "They are at Whitemarsh, ten miles back. This ground will be common to both armies. We can ride over it as well as they. Why shall I not then come out to visit you."

"At risk of death or captivity. "No, no, it shall not be. Forget me, Captain Collins. I cannot listen to you on such terms."

"Now you are weak and foolish, Letty," was his half vexed, half pleased answer. "I am a man and a soldier. I do not fear danger. I would be a dog to fear danger in visiting you."

"But I am but a woman," she replied, in hurried accents. "I fear it. I will not listen to a plea that will fill me with constant fear and trembling. Forget what you have said. Let us be as if we had never seen each other. I cannot bear to think of you as slain by my countrymen."

"Dear Letty," he cried, again embracing her. "You fill my heart with joy to hear your kind concern. But fear not, dearest. If you knew all you would have no reason to dread."

"Knew all!" she replied, throwing her head back and looking at him with questioning eyes. "Is there more to know? Will the rebels be driven back? Will you possess all this country?"

"I have reason to think so," he said, cautiously.

"But when? How soon?"

"That I cannot say exactly."

"There is something afoot! Some movement!" she eagerly exclaimed, yielding him her hand. "We may be free then. The detested rebels may be driven away. But when? I must know when!"

"Would that I could tell you, Letty," he said, doubtfully. "I dare not."

"And is this your love?" she scornfully replied, withdrawing herself from his encircling arm. "Love without confidence values little in my eyes. We had better part here, Captain Collins."

"No, no!" he eagerly replied. "I could trust you, Letty, but I cannot reply. It is the secret counsels of General Howe. I have learned something, but I dare not reveal it."

"There is to be an attack on the rebel camp! A secret attack!" she cried. "You cannot hide it from me. The rebels will be driven out and you again free to visit me without danger?"

She had taken both his hands in hers and was looking appealingly in his eyes.

"I hope and expect so, Letty," he said, as if the words were drawn from him. "But I had better say no more of it."

"This then is your loving confidence? I thought so, Captain Collins," she replied, a fine scorn in her tones. "This much I say to you now. You must prove your love by more than protestations. Tell me when and how this attack is to be made. I will not be fooled by your fine speeches and vague promises. You shall not set foot in this house again or see me anywhere unless you prove that you have not been trying to cheat me with treacherous lies."

"I know no more than I have said," he earnestly exclaimed.

"But you can learn more! You can learn all! You profess to love me, Captain Collins. You, a proud British officer—me a poor girl. I must have proof of it more than your bare word. I must know that your love means more than idleness. I am no child to be won by honeyed speeches. I must have proof of your confidence and faith in me. You shall prove that you love me, before I give you a word in return."

He stood irresolute, his face flushed, his hands half clenched, his mind full of distracting thought.

"I will tell you, Letty," he simply replied. "But I must first learn for myself, and that may be impossible."

"Let love inspire you," she replied, laying her hands in his and offering her lips to his passionate kiss.

"Fly! Fly at once, Captain! The American cavalry are coming!"

She sprang back from him as if glad to escape. In an instant she was out of the door and looking eagerly down the road. The next moment she was back and flung up the rear window of the room.

"At once! At once, Captain! They will be here in a minute! Do not wait for your horse. I will see that you get it. Fly with all haste. I will keep them back."

"And you will not forget, Letty?"

"No, no!" she cried, impatiently, pushing him through the window in her haste. "Quick! Across the orchard! Over the fields."

"Good-bye, Letty," he said, catching her hand and imprinting a warm kiss upon it.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! and remember."

"And I have sold myself with a kiss!" she cried, bitterly. "I am a very Judas, betraying the best feeling of the human soul. But I do not believe his love. And if I did, a thousand times, I would sell him for my country—the prey of deadly foes. Beware Captain Collins, it is a traitor you are dealing with."

She stood as erect and as remorseless as Judith in her hour of triumph over Holfernes.

And now in the road came loud and clear a call from the well-known voice of Captain Conrad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COUNTRY LASS.

This old English and scarce ballad dates from the seventeenth century; the air to which it was sung being that now adopted for "Sally in our Alley." The author is unknown. Some of the lines bear the peculiarity of having an additional syllable "a," to make out the metre, as was not uncommon to old English ballads. As originally written, "The Country Lass" would scarcely be fit for singing in modern times. In the following version some changes are introduced; otherwise, the ancient ditty is preserved:

Although I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a;
I think myself as good as those
Who gay apparel wear-a.
My dress is made of comely gray,
Yet is my skin as soft-a
As those who, using choice perfumes,
Do scent their garments oft-a.

At times I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done-a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
Oft shades me from the sun-a.
And when I see them nodding by,
Where grass and flowers spring-a,
Close by a crystal fountain clear,
I sit me down and sing-a.

I take my part in household work,
I card,* I sew, I spin-a.
I milk the cows at early morn.
Kind Robin's smile I win-a.
I bake and brew with sister Sue,
My brother's hose I darn-a,
At harvest-time a sickle wield,
And winnow in the barn-a.

My ruddy cheeks with glow of health,
Seek neither paint nor patching.
At church I have a my duty learnt,
And need no constant watching.
With Robin at the Whitsuntide
I dance upon the green-a,
While pipe and tabor cheer the throng—
A merry set I ween-a.

I envy not the ladies fine,
With skirts that sweep the ground-a,
Not trained to any useful art,
They're good for nothing found-a.
In idleness their days are spent,
Abroad for recreation,
We simple lasses hate their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

Then, do not scorn the country lass,
Though she goes plain and meanly;
Who takes a country girl to wife
That goeth neat and cleanly,
Is better sped than if he wed
A lady from the city.
For there they are so idly bred,
They're only worth our pity.

*Carding wool for spinning.

FIDO'S STORY.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

I am Mr. Eustace Delesford's dog. He thought I was a pure-blooded Skye terrier when he bought me. I am sorry to say that I am not, but that doesn't prevent my knowing a thing or two. So when he apologizes to his friends for my lack of breeding, he adds:—"But he's a cunning little fellow and I'm very fond of him."

I was only a puppy when he brought me to Brierlands, as his place is called. It's a handsome old country-house on a river called Yellow Waters, accessible by good roads, and kept open for his friends ten months out of the year.

It's not until after Christmas that Mr. Delesford goes in town. He keeps the holidays at Brierlands.

Mrs. Amelia Grettan kept house for him six years. She is his cousin's widow.

She don't like dogs; she abominated me from the first; but, of course, Mr. Delesford would have what he pleased in his own house. Though, of course, he knew Mrs. Grettan didn't like me, so he gave his valet, Henrique, instructions to look out for me. And when he was going away with Henrique, he would say to Blanca Brandon:—

"Blanca, will you have an eye on Fido, and see that some unfortunate accident doesn't happen to him while I am gone?" and he would smile and look towards Mrs. Grettan's room.

Then Blanca would smile as she smiled for no one else in the world, say "Yes," quietly, and Mr. Delesford would go away satisfied. Well he might. Never was a wretched little dependant more kindly cared for than I would be. Then I would have a rug by Blanca's fire, she would take me out walking every day; and she always fed me with her own hand.

"Umph!" Mrs. Grettan would say, "you'd better order the carriage and have David take him out to drive."

"No, that would be foolish, Mrs. Grettan, but the little creature is despondent, and ought to have some consideration. Besides, I enjoy his company. He is so brightly sagacious!"

It was not easy to put Blanca down for all her quiet ways.

She was seamstress at Brierlands. She was the orphan daughter of the nurse who had faithfully attended Mr. Delesford's father in his last long sickness, and the old gentleman had promised that she was to have a home at Brierlands, if she chose. But Blanca earned her living. She did the sewing for the house. Mrs. Grettan looked out that there should always be a pile of it for her. Blanca daily took a long walk. The rest of the time she sewed.

If she was not happy, she never complained.

Well, Mr. Delesford was home in March. He liked to see the buds swell and the snowdrops come up in the garden, he said. You would not have thought that of a man who was a crack oarsman, fond of horses, and the best shot in the country, perhaps.

He was full of life,—strong, but tender. Frail buds and atoms of dogs thrive with such people.

When Mr. Delesford came home, that spring, he brought some people with him,—the Lysters, and Cuthbert Fairlie and his sister Adelaide.

Mrs. Grettan did not like Miss Adelaide Fairlie. She didn't like any young lady who came to Brierlands. She told Blanca that Miss Fairlie was a deceitful, designing girl.

"Well, you needn't care for that," said Blanca, quietly, "all you have to do for her is to see that she has chocolate for breakfast."

"But it's unpleasant to have such people in the house," replied Mrs. Grettan, flouting out of the room.

Then Blanca smiled a little smile, and put her soft cheek on my little shaggy head and said to herself:—

"'The best laid schemes of mice and men, etc.' Mrs. Grettan is very foolish, Fido."

I pricked up my ears, but that was all Blanca would tell me.

Mr. Delesford let me in the parlor, and showed off my tricks of fetch-and-carry to his friends; and sometimes he would put me in a pocket of his shooting-jacket, and carry me around half the day. I had not my growth then, and was exceedingly small.

He and Miss Fairlie spent hours every day teaching me to single out my master's things from a collection of others, and brought them to him. They would place a glove of Mr. Fairlie's, a bracelet of Miss Adelaide's, and a ring of Mr. Delesford's in a shawl, and my master would send me to find his ring, which was a splendid emerald. I would shake the shawl until I found the things, and then if I got muddled, as the clearest-headed dog will, at times, and bring him the wrong article,' he would send me back until I got the right one. It made great frolics for the people in the drawing room; they would laugh loud and long; and sometimes when I went up to see Blanca, immediately after, I would find her looking a little sad.

But she would soon brighten up and say:

"But we must not mope and get sick, even if we have the heartache a little. I am going out to walk, Fido; do you want to go?"

I was always delighted. She took such nice paths through the early spring woods, and grew so cheery and bright, with the hat she wore, her ebon hair, and her dark dress trimmed with the bright red berries she found.

One day she took a very long walk. I went with her. She went to Oak League.

The ice was breaking up on the lake. It cracked and sparkled and I barked at it until I was tired and sat down on a stump to rest. Suddenly I heard the roll of wheels, and I knew the Brierlands carriage horses, Baron and Duke, were coming. I rushed to meet them, my master, and Miss Fairlie in the carriage.

"Why, Fido, how came you here, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Delesford. "Blanca must be about, somewhere," he added.

Miss Fairlie looked at him quickly.

"Blanca?" she said interrogatively.

He did not seem to hear. He was looking right and left.

Meanwhile Blanca sat upon a rock on a little knoll above, gazing intently at the two in the carriage. Mr. Delesford did not see her until I bounded up to her. He smiled quick and bright.

"Isn't it beautiful, Blanca? Like broken plates of silver armor."

She nodded.

"You will get cold there, Blanca, and you have had a very long walk. Let me take you home with us."

She declined, coldly.

He urged her. He looked troubled, and took no further notice of the ice. At last she came down the path beside the carriage.

"Blanca—"

She paused.

"Miss Fairlie, Miss Brandon is a friend of mine," said Mr. Delesford. "Advise her to come with us. She has walked three miles to-day, and purposes walking three more in returning home."

"You had certainly better come, Miss Brandon," said Miss Fairlie, pleasantly.

Blanca gave a quick look into her eyes, smiled, and assented. Then Mr. Delesford picked me up and tossed me in, and we all went away together. Miss Fairlie and Blanca soon became very good friends. Their gay talking excited me; I frisked about until Mr. Delesford put me in his pocket, where I was quiet.

For several weeks after, Blanca was cheerful, and sang at her work. I liked to have people cheerful, then, for I was a puppy. I am not so easily affected now; I have grown more wise and staid.

The spring grew late. The May roses came out in the garden.

One evening I was close at my master's heels when he was wandering about there, smoking, and suddenly we came across Blanca, reading in an arbor. The sunset light shown warm on her quiet face, and Mr. Delesford started, and then turning suddenly, entered the arbor.

"Blanca," he said, "I wish you would tell me if you love me as well as you used when we were children and went to school together."

She was in a warm and gracious mood. She smiled into his eyes.

"Yes, Eustace, quite as well."

He kissed her.

"Darling little Blanca," he said, "you remember how we used to get our spelling lessons together, and how you found the hard places on the maps for me? Ah, you were much the bravest and best in those days, Blanca?"

"But we are not children any more, and you are the rich and popular Mr. Delesford, while I am a sewing girl,—and there is Mrs. Grettan."

With a loud "ahem" Mrs. Grettan passed along the walk, carrying a small basket of eggs.

Blanca rose, drew her light shawl around her shoulders.

"Are you going in Blanca?"

"Yes."

She left him. He sat thoughtful for a long time, smoking. He was thinking about Blanca, for he picked up a pink ribbon she had dropped, and stroked it tenderly across his knee.

The house was very quiet at this time, for the visitors were gone and no more had arrived. Every morning Mr. Delesford rode. When his beautiful white filly, Camilla, was brought around, Henrique shut me up, for fear I should follow my master.

One day he withdrew his foot from the stirrup, and pulled the glove from his hand.

"Henrique," said he, "while I am gone I want you to take my ring to the jewellers and get the stone reset. I have spoken to him about it. Where is it? Ah, I left it in a chamois bag on my drawing case. Take good care of it;" and then he mounted his horse.

Mrs. Grettan was at an open window.

"Blanca," said she, "I wish you would go into Mr. Delesford's room and mend the fray in the curtain, now that you have an opportunity."

"Yes, I will," said Blanca, "in a minute."

Mrs. Grettan looked at her sharply, saw that she was closely engaged in mending a little coral chain she wore, and slipped out of the room. She went up stairs, and I went up stairs with her. For once she did not mind me. I wanted to get to my rug in Mr. Delesford's room.

I crept into it and put my little black nose out, and watched Mrs. Grettan's movements.

She took the emerald ring out of the chamois case with a hand which trembled, and went away with it. Pretty soon Blanca came up, and sat down on an Ottoman to mend the frayed curtain. I whined with affection and she said playfully that I was a lazy little dog, and ought to be running out of doors instead of sleeping in the house.

She made careful work matching the threads of the curtain, and when, at last, she had finished her work, Henrique came in and said that he was going to town on an errand for Mr. Delesford. He began looking for the emerald ring, and could not find it.

Blanca came to help him. They turned the little chamois bag inside out; they took all the things out of the dressing-case; it was not there.

Henrique did not know what to do. He was very much worried until his master came, yet did not go in town. Mr. Delesford was sure that he had left it in the chamois bag; but it was gone.

He spoke to Mrs. Grettan about it:

"Amelia, who has been in my room while I was gone?"

"No one but Blanca Brandon."

"How strange! I am certain I left my ring there. Henrique is honest."

"Blanca?"

"Blanca?" exclaimed Mr. Delesford. "I would as soon suspect my own sister!"

"I suppose she isn't above temptation more'n other folks!" snapped Mrs. Grettan.

He looked at her in amazement.

"Amelia, do you think Blanca would take a ring from me?"

"I have accused no one."

"No; but Blanca could *not* have taken it."

"Then Henrique must—or I. Perhaps you suspect *me?*"

"Nonsense, Amelia!"

The loss of the ring remained a mystery for three days.

I don't know what made Blanca look so pale and worried. She knew nothing about it. Probably it was because she heard Mrs. Grettan repeat that no one had been in the chamber but her and Henrique.

When there was no company at Brierlands, Mrs. Grettan and Blanca dined with Mr. Delesford in the east dining-room. At table Mrs. Grettan advised Mr. Delesford to have the house searched.

"Mr. Delesford," said Blanca, "I think Fido could find that ring. I think he could find it this minute."

"Fido?" exclaimed Mrs. Grettan, turning red.

"That's a bright thought of yours, Blanca!" said Mr. Delesford, eagerly. "I believe he could. We'll try him."

He called me from under the table.

"Come here, sir."

He made me take the scent from his hand.

"Go find!" he commanded.

I scurried around the room, caught hold of the skirt of Mrs. Grettan's dress, and shook it furiously. I knew the ring was there.

Mr. Delesford stared; Blanca was pale.

"Go away!" cried Mrs. Grettan.

"Here, Fido, come away, sir!" said my master.

I desisted for a moment, but again seized the dress. I bit through the cambric to the pocket, and held that fast in my teeth.

"The horrid little brute! he is ruining my dress!" exclaimed Mrs. Grettan, aiming a blow at me, and vainly trying to shake me off.

"He thinks Mrs. Grettan has it," said Blanca, quietly.

Mrs. Grettan turned all colors, and darted a furious look at Blanca. I still kept my hold.

"Will you call your dog off, Eustace Delesford?" said Mrs. Grettan, haughtily. He looked at Blanca.

"Amelia," said Mr. Delesford, "suppose you empty your pocket. That would settle the matter instantly."

She grew scarlet.

"You intimate—how dare you?" she cried.

I gave the pocket another shake. I had found that ring too many times to be mistaken.

"Amelia, empty your pocket!" commanded Mr. Delesford, with sudden decision.

With a desperate movement, she tore the skirt from my teeth, and tried to escape from the room. He sprang forward and locked the door.

"You cannot go until you do what I require."

"Never!" she shrieked.

"Then I shall call a servant to search you."

"I will not allow it!"

"Then a police officer."

One moment she stood quivering. Then with an inexpressive look of rage, she tore the chamois bag from her pocket, flung it across the room, turned and unlocked the door, and was gone. I ran for the bag, brought it to my master, and crept up to be caressed when he took out the ring.

Blanca began to cry.

"Crying now, when it's found, child?" said Mr. Delesford.

"Oh! Eustace, she did not want the ring! She took it to ruin me!" exclaimed Blanca. "She meant to put it among my things and have the house searched."

"My dear Blanca, I never would have believed—"

"Yes, Eustace, you would. The evidence would have been unquestionable. That woman is my enemy; she hates me, and I must go away."

"No, she will go away, and you will stay, dear Blanca, stay as my wife. Your position here shall no longer be an equivocal one."

"Do you love me, Eustace? And Miss Fairlie?"

"Miss Fairlie is engaged to be married to her brother's friend, Captain Lyster. Love you? You know I have always loved you, Blanca. Many a day when I have been playing the affable host to the fashionable young ladies of my acquaintance, I have longed to get away and be quiet with my sensible little Blanca."

They sat there for hours, talking, and I lay at their feet, blinking. Meanwhile Mrs. Grettan packed her possessions and rolled away from Brierlands.

There is no housekeeper at Brierlands now but my Blanca, Mrs. Delesford. But there is child's nurse to the loveliest little boy! and I am everybody's pet.

MY LITTLE ROMANCE IN A PULLMAN CAR.

BY ANGELO J. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Good evening, Mr. Lancaster. You don't remember me."

I was standing in the brilliantly lighted Kursaal of one of the minor German watering-places, where I, Harry Lancaster, then a newly-fledged Master of Arts, and reading for the bar, was spending a part of my Easter holiday. The room was thronged with the mixed assemblage usually to be found in such places, and I had been amusing myself by speculating (probably very wide of the mark) on their characters and fortunes. Two individuals had especially attracted my attention. One was a young Englishman of about my own age, of a remarkably pleasant and prepossessing countenance, though disfigured for the time by the fierce excitement of his present occupation. With intense eagerness he followed the chances of the game, his expression varying from joyous exultation to the opposite extreme, as his ventures met good or evil fortune. Close by his side was a tall evil-looking American, who, as it seemed to me, was leading on the young Englishman, and encouraging him to further hazards. I had been, half unconsciously, studying the lines of these two faces, and mentally comparing the pair to Faust and Mephistopheles, when I was roused from my reverie by hearing myself greeted by name, as above. The speaker was a man of gentlemanly appearance, with neat moustache and closely-shaven cheeks. The voice seemed familiar, but somehow I could not succeed in recalling the features.

"I ought to remember you," I replied, "but when or where we have met I haven't the smallest idea."

"Do you remember being at the 'Level and Corner-Stone,' one evening last December?"

"To be sure I do. But I confess my memory is still hazy. I seem to recognize your voice, but I can't recall your face."

"Possibly foreign travel may have altered me a little. And I don't wear quite so much whiskers as I did then."

The mist suddenly cleared away from my memory, and I was able to reconcile the familiar tones and the unfamiliar face. I had, a few months previously, been spending the evening at one of the lodges of the great Masonic fraternity, and had sat next a stranger, who had charmed me by his gentlemanly bearing and his varied information; and I had been much astonished on finding afterwards that the genial individual with whom I had fraternized so cordially was none other than Ferret, the celebrated detective. And it was Ferret who now stood beside me, but so altered in appearance by the sacrifice of his whiskers and a slightly different arrangement of his hair, that I should never have suspected his identity, had he not voluntarily chosen to reveal it. He saw the gleam of recognition in my face, and anticipated my exclamation, saying quietly,

"Ah, I see you remember me now. Let me give you my card, as a reminder," at the same time handing me a card, on which was printed, "Mr. Edwin Brown, dealer in French and German wines."

Scarcely comprehending his meaning, I began,

"But surely you are—"

"Accept my assurance that you are mistaken, Mr. Lancaster, and that my name (for the present) is Edwin Brown. I am sure I can rely on your discretion, or I should not have ventured to claim your acquaintance."

"I will endeavor to justify your confidence, Mr. Brown. Will you allow me to offer you a cigar?"

"Thank you," he replied, selecting a weed with great deliberation. "Have you been trying your fortune at the tables?"

"Not at present; but I think I shall risk a few thalers presently. I know little or nothing about the game, however. Perhaps you will give me the benefit of your advice."

"I will advise you with pleasure—not to play at all. You may depend upon one thing—no outsider ever wins, in the long run, at places of this description; and though you begin by staking only a few shillings, you will find shillings mount up to pounds, and pounds to ten-pound notes, with alarming rapidity."

"But why should not an outsider win? Surely chance is the same for all."

"*Chance*, doubtless; but chance is a very small element in matters of this description. Come, I will make you an offer—you talked just now of risking a few thalers. Are you disposed to spend a couple of sovereigns to be quite convinced that you had better *not* venture your money on games of so-called chance?"

"With pleasure. I am quite sure they will be well invested under your guidance."

"Come to me, then, in half an hour (I am staying at the Three Kings), and you shall make the acquaintance of one of the most distinguished professors of the art of correcting fortune. Till then, good-bye! for I have, in the first place, to find the gentleman in question; and in the second, to satisfy him that you are to be trusted with his secrets. Don't forget; the Three Kings. Mr. Brown, Numero 49."

I was punctual to the rendezvous, and found Ferret in the company of an individual whom he introduced to me as M. Le Chevalier Koltoff, and who greeted me with a ceremonious bow, assuring me that any friend of Monsieur Brown would always be the object of his most distinguished consideration. I returned his compliments, rather awkwardly I am afraid, and we drew round the table, on which coffee and segars were placed. The appearance of the Chevalier was decidedly striking: tall, and almost painfully thin, with scanty gray hair falling almost to his shoulders, keen, piercing eyes, and a hard, vulturine profile; dressed in a blue frock-coat, elaborately braided, and with the ribbon of some order at the button-hole, but worn absolutely threadbare, and buttoned up close to the chin, showing not a vestige of linen. Shabby almost to the last degree, yet scrupulously neat and clean, and with something of a faded aristocracy about him, the Chevalier, once seen, was not readily to be forgotten. To what country he belonged I was at a loss to discover. His name seemed to indicate a Russian or Polish origin, but his features gave no clue to his nationality, and his language was a polyglot of nearly every European tongue, French, however, predominating. After a few sentences of casual conversation, Ferret remarked:

"Chevalier, my friend is very anxious to see something of your dexterity with the cards. Will you oblige him?"

"Mais certainement! Wiz ze greatest pleasure. I vill do mon petit possible. But M. Lancastere vill give me his vord of honor, foi de gentilhomme, zat he vill not make no bad use of my lecon."

"Sir!" I exclaimed, indignantly; but Ferret interposed, with a smile:

"You mistake, my dear sir. The Chevalier has not the least objection to your making a personal profit by his instructions. What he refers to as a *bad use* would be your exposing his secrets to others."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, relieved, but still more than half indignant, "he need have no fear on that score." As I spoke, I caught Ferret's eye, and was so tickled by the quaintness of the idea that I was to pledge my "word of honor" (Heaven save the mark!) to use the information I was about to obtain for swindling purposes only, that I could not control my risible faculties, but was compelled to give way to a hearty laugh. The Chevalier looked extremely scandalized at my levity; and it took all Ferret's tact, and the assurance that he would answer for me as himself, to restore our friend's equanimity. Being at last pacified, he produced from his breast-pocket a couple of packs of cards.

"Allons!" he said. "A quel jeu? Vat is zat you vant to know? L'ecarte, le piquet, le baccarat, le lansquenet, le birlibibi—vat you call 'three-card trick'—les petits paquets—how you call him, 'blind hooke?' Vat you vant learn? I teach you!"

The majority of the games mentioned I scarcely knew by name. I chose the first that came to mind—"Ecarte," I said—and forthwith the Chevalier, taking Ferret as his adversary, played a few games by way of specimen. There was no apparent effort, no suggestion of sleight-of-hand, the Chevalier's long, lissom fingers seemed scarcely to touch the cards; and yet, whether he dealt, or whether Ferret dealt, the result was the same. All the winning cards found their way into the Chevalier's hand, and all the losing one's into Ferret's. After having sufficiently excited our wonderment, the Chevalier proceeded to explain the methods by which this result was produced, methods not less astonished by their ingenious simplicity than by the marvellous dexterity displayed in their use. After having exhausted the subject of ecarte, our professor gave us a similar demonstration in reference to piquet. Baccarat, faro, and rouge et noir were in turn discussed, leaving me fully convinced that the only safe way to avoid losing at either of those games is never to play at them; and lastly, the Chevalier struck a blow at my most cherished convictions, by showing that our good old English game of whist is, in bad hands, just as susceptible of foul play as any other. Time had sped so fast during the development of these mysteries, that we were far into the small hours before the Chevalier took his leave. I presented him with a couple of guineas, which he accepted with the delicate, nonchalant air of a fashionable physician receiving his fee, murmuring, "Pour acheter des cigares, monsieur, pour acheter des cigares. Je vous remercie beaucoup. I sall have ze great plaisir of give you anozer leeon, what time you shall please. Sleep you well, messieurs!"

And, with many bows, he departed. A few minutes later I also took my leave, remarking to Ferret,

"I have to thank you for a lesson of prudence, by which I shall certainly profit. But one thing I cannot understand. How is it that with such extraordinary powers, and being, as I may fairly assume, not over-burdened with scrupulousness, the Chevalier is in such poverty as his appearance would lead one to believe?"

"Simply because he has reached the point which all his fraternity arrive at sooner or later, of being too well known. 'The pitcher goes often to the well'—you know the proverb. The Chevalier, with all his dexterity, has been found out too often. He has lost the *entree* of the public saloons, and is now driven to the highways and the byways in search of 'pigeons' for his net. Once in a way he meets with a plump young bird, and then for a season he feasts on champagne and truffles; but for the most part he is in the condition in which you have seen him. Take my word for it, rogues rarely die rich. You know the old joke that the man who first declared honesty was the best policy must have tried the other thing. I really shouldn't be surprised if it was founded on fact. You may depend upon it no one feels the truth of the maxim more keenly than an elderly swindler. The mischief is, that he finds it out too late."

CHAPTER II.

Two days later, and I was seated in a Pullman car, *en route* for England. I had not intended starting quite so soon, but special circumstances had hastened my departure. A young lady, Miss Edith Carlyon, who had been staying under the *chaperonage* of an English family, at the same hotel as myself, had made a deep impression on me. She was now about to return to England, under the escort of her brother, Clement Carlyon, who had arrived a few days previously, and I had accelerated my arrangements in order to have the pleasure of travelling with them. Circumstances had prevented my making the acquaintance of Clement Carlyon until the previous day, when, to my surprise, I recognized in him the young man who had so excited my interest at the gambling-table a few days earlier. Of Ferret I had seen nothing since our seance with the Chevalier. I had called at his hotel to take leave of him, but he was not to be found.

The train was fairly on its way. Clement Carlyon had betaken himself to the smoking-saloon, which formed part of the car, and I was doing my best to make myself agreeable to his sister; but she was by no means in her usual spirits. I strove to cheer her, but the conversation languished, and after a more than ordinary long pause a tear fell on the book she held.

"Dear Miss Carlyon," I said, "you are unhappy; won't you tell me the reason? If there is anything a true friend could do—"

"O, Mr. Lancaster," she replied, "I can't help being so foolish; the truth is, I am so very miserable about Clement. He has got into such dreadful gambling ways since he has been here, and I am afraid he has lost a great deal of money. And he has got mixed up with a horrible American, called Colonel Fisk, who I am sure leads him on to more and more extravagance; and I am very, very wretched."

Here the poor girl broke down altogether, and burst into a fit of suppressed sobbing, much to the amazement of a literary-looking lady in spectacles, who was seated just opposite to us.

"Dear Miss Carlyon, dear—Edith! pray calm yourself. Things may not be as bad as you think; and, at any rate, your brother is going out of the reach of temptation now."

"I wish I could think so, Mr. Lancaster; but, unfortunately, Colonel Fisk is also going to England—indeed he is now on this very train—and so long as Clement is in his company, I cannot tell what may happen. O, Mr. Lancaster, if you could only save him from the influence of that dreadful man, I cannot tell you how grateful I should be."

"I only wish I could be of some service, but I really don't see my way. It would be rather awkward to suggest to a young man of six-and-twenty or so that he is keeping bad company. I'm afraid your brother would probably tell me to mind my own business."

"True. I am unreasonable, I know; but yet I can't feel happy while he is with that horrible man. Would you mind telling him I want him? If I can only get him away for a little while, it is something gained."

"Certainly; I will fetch him at once."

I proceeded to the smoking-carriage with my message. I found Clement Carlyon lazily smoking a short pipe, and seated close by him, reading the New York *Herald*, the unpleasant American whom I had noted in the Kursaal. I delivered Miss Carlyon's message.

"Thanks! but I really can't come at present. I have just challenged Colonel Fisk to a game of *ecarte*. Come, Colonel, shut up that confounded *Herald*. Time enough for that after you've lost all your money."

"I reckon you're too strong for me at ecarty, Mister Carlyon. I guess we'll make it poker or Van John."

"Nonsense, man; no shirking. You've won a good bit of money out of me, one way and another. The least you can do is to give me a chance to get some of it back at a game I know something about."

I returned to Miss Carlyon to report the failure of my mission. I remained with her for the best part of an hour, and then returned to the smoking-saloon to report progress. Clement and the Colonel had a cushion spread upon their knees, and the game was proceeding. A glance at Carlyon's face was sufficient to tell me that he was losing considerably, and as I entered the carriage he scribbled an I O U, and dashed it over to his companion, indicating pretty clearly that he had parted with all his ready cash. The other occupants of the carriage—a supercilious-looking Englishman, a stolid German, and a heavily-bearded old gentleman, whom I mentally set down as a Dutch or Russian merchant—took no apparent heed of the game, but read or smoked in their respective corners.

The game proceeded, and again the American was the winner. "Curse the cards!" muttered Carlyon between his teeth, shuffling savagely, as though to break the spell of his ill-luck.

The train stopped at a station, and a new passenger entered the car and took a seat by the side of the elderly Russian.

The players began a fresh game. I watched them silently. Carlyon was evidently no match for his opponent; but the Yankee artfully led him on by extolling his play, and attributing his own good fortune entirely to his luck in holding so many winning cards. Suddenly, however, a suspicion flashed across me which changed my passive interest to the keenest excitement. I was all but certain that the American had just used one of the dishonest expedients I had seen employed by the Chevalier Koltoff.

As yet, however, the matter rested on suspicion only. Nothing but proof positive, plain to others as to myself, would suffice to take action upon. Leaning back in my seat, I half closed my eyes and affected drowsiness, keeping, however, the closest watch upon the American's movements. After a few minutes my patience was rewarded. Among the cards "faced" in the course of the play were several leading cards of the club suit. It was the American's turn to deal. In the act of collecting the cards, and offering them to be shuffled, he spread his broad palm over those I have named. He availed himself of his right to shuffle after Carlyon, then offered the cards to be cut. In picking up the cards, however, he did so in such a manner as to neutralize the cut, and, as I had anticipated, a club made its appearance as the turn-up card, while the king, queen and ace fell in course of play from the American's hand. Again an I O U was handed over by Carlyon to the American.

Again I watched, and presently I saw the American spread his hand over another group of cards, and hand the remainder to be shuffled.

"Mr. Carlyon," I said, "let me recommend you to count the cards."

Carlyon looked at me with a blank expression of countenance, not in the least understanding the drift of my suggestion. But the American was quicker of comprehension.

"I reckon you mean to insinuate that I don't play on the square, stranger, which is an observation no man makes twice;" and the Colonel's right hand disappeared within a roomy trouser-pocket, where it left the tell-tale cards, and reappeared grasping a small Derringer pistol.

I gave myself up for lost, and tried (ineffectually) to console myself for the prospect of an early grave by picturing Edith Carlyon weeping over my tomb; but quick as thought, before the American had time to raise the pistol, a strong hand seized his wrist from behind, and the bullet passed harmlessly through the floor of the car. Another instant, and the Colonel's wrists were securely handcuffed behind him.

"Not so fast, Colonel; we don't want to try you for murder just at present. There's a little forgery matter to answer for first. Now, Mr. Carlyon, I think the Colonel has a few trifles belonging to you about him. First, allow me to hand you the king, knave and ten of hearts, which were to have been winning cards in your next game, if Mr. Lancaster had not so indiscreetly interrupted you. Now, as to money. How much have you lost?"

The speaker was the elderly Russian merchant, but the voice was the voice of Ferret.

"About forty-five pounds in cash," said Carlyon, very crestfallen, "and twice or three times that amount in I O U's. But do you mean to say it has not been fairly won?"

"I mean to say you have been risking your money against the biggest thief in the States. Come, Colonel, I must trouble you to disgorge. Your winnings are in this pocket, I think. There, Mr. Carlyon, there is your money, and there are your I O U's. You may thank your stars and your friend Mr. Lancaster here that you have escaped so easily."

"But if, as I infer," said I, "the Colonel was 'wanted' for some independent matter, how is it that you did not arrest him earlier?"

"Because, my good sir, in the first place, I had to be sure he was the man I wanted; and, secondly, there were certain extradition formalities to be fulfilled. In truth, until my assistant here got in at the last station, I held no warrant to take him. As it was, I would rather have avoided a disturbance" (the news had spread, and other passengers were now beginning to crowd into the car), "and should not have made the arrest until the next stopping place, unless you had hastened the *denouement*. Our friend Koltoff's lessons have not been lost upon you, I see."

The Colonel had remained perfectly silent since his arrest, but if looks could kill, his eyes would have been more deadly than his Derringer. "I'm played out, I reckon; but I owe you one, stranger," he said, "and I'll not forget it."

At the next station, Ferret and his assistant removed their charge to a *coupe*. I travelled the whole distance to London with the Carlyons; Clement being profuse in his acknowledgements, and Edith also generously warm in her appreciation of what she called my heroism. I accepted their kind expressions with becoming modesty, dimly conscious that if I had known the American had a pistol in his pocket, the circumstances might somewhat have moderated my ardor, but indulging in delicious dreams of future happiness shared with one to whom I felt I might now aspire with every hope of success. In the midst of my day-dreams, however, the train reached Charing Cross, and Edith—*my* Edith—sprang out of the carriage and into the arms of a young man of insignificant aspect, who embraced her with an unmistakable air of proprietorship.

"Bob Redburn, you know," said Clement, answering my look of agonized interrogation. "Man Edith's going to marry next month. You must come to the wedding, old fellow!"

And I went. Little deemed the assembled guests that beneath my calm exterior raged a volcano of disappointed hopes and smouldering passion. Happily there was no eruption, and I am even told that I made myself particularly agreeable to the bridesmaids.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Wishing and sighing, imagining and dreaming of greatness, will not make you great. But cannot a young man command his energies? You must gird up your loins, and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Napoleon scaling the Alps. It is your duty to make the most of time, talents, and opportunity. Alfred, King of England, though he performed more business than any of his subjects, found time to study. Franklin, in the midst of his labors, had time to dive into the depths of philosophy and explore the untrodden paths of science. Frederick the Great, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battle, found time to revel in the charms of philosophy, and feast on the luxuries of science. Napoleon, with Europe at his disposal, with kings in his ante-chamber, at the head of thousands of men, whose destinies were suspended on arbitrary pleasure, found time to converse with books. And young men who are confined to labor or business even ten hours a day, may take an hour and a half of what is left for study, and this will amount to two months in the course of the year.

A Harmless

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price, 75 cents.

REMEMBER AGE GIVES LOVE ITS WINGS.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Remember Age gives Love its wings;
With Youth it knows not it can fly;
The while to you Time gaily sings,
Let not one instant joyless die.
Your violet time is here to-day:
Hark, how with this all Nature rings!
Waste not one breath of your dear May—
Remember Age gives Love its wings.

Ah, me! too soon will blighting frost,
The gray chill winter of your hours,
Sigh o'er each instant coldly lost,
When all your way should have been flowers.
Death is the doom of all things dear;
He swiftest slays the rarest things:
Give your young life while yet 'tis here;
O, think, 'tis Age gives Love its wings.

FEUILLETON.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC.

PART I.

I have often told the story of the only remarkable thing which has happened to me in the course of a longish life. No one has ever believed me; I wish, therefore, to leave behind me a truthful record, in which everything shall be set down as near as I can remember it, just as it happened. I am sure I need not add a single fact. The more I consider the story, the more I realize to myself my wonderful escape and the frightful consequences which a providential accident averted from my head, the more reason I feel to be grateful and humble.

I have read of nothing similar to my own case; I have consulted books on apparitions, witchcraft, and the power of the devil as manifested in authentic history, but I have found absolutely nothing that can in any way compare with my own case. If there be any successor to Mr. Grumbelow, possessed of his unholy powers, and endowed with his fiendish and diabolical iniquity of selfishness, this plain and simple narrative may serve as a warning to young men situated as I was in the year 1823. Except as a moral example indeed, I see no use in telling the story at all.

I have never been a rich man, but I was once very poor, and it is of this period that I have to write.

As for my parentage, that matters nothing; enough that it was quite obscure. My mother died when I was still a boy; and my father, who was not a man to be proud of as a father, had long before run away from her and disappeared. He was a sailor by profession, and I heard it rumored that he possessed a wife in every port, besides a few, like my mother, who lived inland; so that he would vary the surroundings when he wished. All properly married in church, too, and honest women, every one of them. What became of him I never knew, nor did I ever inquire.

I went through a pretty fair number of adventures before I settled down to my first serious profession. I was travelling companion and drudge to an itinerant tinker, who treated me as kindly as could be expected when he was sober. When he was drunk he used to throw the pots and pans at my head. Then I became cabin-boy, but only for a single voyage, on board a collier. The ship belonged to a philanthropist, who was too much occupied with the wrongs of the niggers to think about the rights of his own sailors; so his ships, insured far above their real value, were sent to sea to sink or swim as it might please Providence. I suppose no cabin-boy ever had so many kicks and cuffs in a single voyage as I did. However, my ship carried me safely from South Shields to the port of London. There I ran away, and I heard afterwards that on her return voyage the Spanking Sally foundered with all hands. In the minds of those who knew the captain and his crew there were doubtless, as in mine, grave fears of their ultimate destination. After that I became steward in an Atlantic packet for a couple of years; then clerk to a bogus auctioneer in New York; cashier to a store; all sorts of things, but nothing long. Then I came back to England, not knowing what to do with myself, joined a strolling company of actors in the general utility line. It was not exactly promotion, but I liked the life; I liked the applause; I liked wandering about from town to town; I even liked, being young and a fool, the precarious nature of the salary. Heaven knows it was small enough; but we were a cheery company, and one or two members subsequently rose to distinction. If we had known any history, which we did not, we might have remembered that Molière himself was once a stroller through France. Some people think it philosophical, I believe, to reflect, when they are hard up, how many great men have been hard up, too. It would have brought no comfort to me. Practically I felt little inconvenience from poverty, save in the matter of boots. We went share and share alike most of us, and there was always plenty to eat even for my naturally gigantic appetite. Juliet, a delicate eater, always used to reckon me as equal to four.

Juliet was the manager's daughter—Juliet Kerrans, acting as Miss Juliet Alvanley. She was eighteen and I was twenty-three, an inflammable and romantic time of life. We were thrown a good deal together, not only off the stage but on it. I was put in parts to play up to her. I was Romeo when she played her namesake, a part sustained by her mother till even she herself was bound to own that she was too fat to play it any longer; she was Lady Teazle and I was Charles Surface; she was Rosalind and I Orlando; she was Angelina and I Sir Harry Wildair. We were a pair, and looked well in love scenes. Looking back dispassionately on our performances, I suppose they must have been as bad as stage-acting could well be. At least, we had no training, and nothing but a few fixed rules to guide us; these, of course, quite stagey and conventional. Juliet had been on the stage all her life, and did not want in assurance; I, however, was nervous and uncertain. Then we were badly mounted and badly dressed; we were ambitious, we ranted, and we tore a passion to rags. But we had one or two good points—we were young and lively. Juliet had the most charming of faces and the most delicious of figures—mind you, in the year 1823 girls had a chance of showing their figures without putting on a page's costume. Then she had a soft, sweet voice and pretty little coquettish ways, which came natural to her, and broke through all the clumsy artificialities.

She drew full houses; wherever we performed the men, especially young officers, used to come after her. They wrote her notes, they lay in wait for her, they sent her flowers; but what with old Kerrans and myself, to say nothing of the other members of the company, they might as well have tried to get at the Peri in Paradise. I drew pretty well, too. I was—a man of seventy and more may say so—I was a good-looking young fellow; you would hardly believe what quantities of letters and billets-doux came to me. I had dozens, but Juliet found them and tore them all up. There they were: the note on rose-colored note-paper and violet ink beginning with "Handsomest and noblest of men," and ending with "Your fair unknown, Araminta." There was the letter from the middle-aged widow with a taste for the drama and an income; and there was the vilely-spelled note from the foolish little milliner, who had fallen in love with the Romeo of a barn. Perhaps ladies are more sensible now. At all events, their letters were thrown away upon me, because I was in love, head over ears, with Juliet.

Juliet handed over her notes to her father, who found out their writers and made them take boxes and bespeak plays. So that all Juliet's lovers got was the privilege of paying more than other people, for the girl was as good as she was pretty—a rarer combination of qualities on the stage fifty years ago than now. She was tall and, in those days, slender. Later on she took after her mother; but who would have thought that so graceful a girl would ever arrive at fourteen stone? Her eyes and hair were black—eyes that never lost their lustre; and hair which, though it turned grey in later years, was then like a silken net when it was let down to catch the hearts of lovers. Of course she knew that she was pretty; what pretty woman does not? and of course, too, she did not know the power of her own beauty; what pretty woman does? And because it was the very worst thing she could do for herself, she fell in love with me.

Her father knew it, and meant to stop it from the beginning; but he was not a man to do things in a hurry, and so we went on in a fool's paradise, enjoying the stolen kisses and talking of when we should be married. One night—I was Romeo—I was so carried away with passion that I acted for once, naturally and unconventionally. There was a full house; the performance was so out of the common that it took away the breath of the people, and they even forgot to applaud. Unluckily old Kerrans was in the front looking on. Of course he saw that it was not play-acting at all, but reality, between us, and made up his mind what to do at once.

The next day was Saturday. When I went into the treasury I found the good old fellow with a red face and a little hesitation of manner.

"Look here," he said, handing me the money, "you are a good young fellow, Lucraft and a likely actor. There's merit in you. But I can't have you spoiling my Juliet for the stage. So I am going to put her up without you. After a bit I daresay I shall find another Romeo. You get away to London and find another engagement—there's a week's pay in advance—and when Juliet is married, or when you get rich, or when anything happens to make thing different, why, you see, we shall all be glad to see you back. You needn't say good-bye to Juliet, because I have had it out with her this morning. A tough job it was, too. Good-bye, my boy, and good luck to you."

Good luck! Had he only known the kind of luck that was coming to me.

I took my dismissal, though with a heavy heart, and that afternoon climbed outside the night coach to London.

I spent the first fortnight in trying to get an engagement. There were only two or three theatres then in London, and in them there was not even room for a super. I tried the Greenwich and Richmond houses but in vain. Then I tried the country managers, but either no answer came or a refusal. All this time the little money I had was melting away. I held my lodgings from week to week, paid in advance. And one morning, after paying the rent, I found myself without a penny.

I had one or two things which I could pawn—a watch, a waistcoat, a few odds and ends in the way of wardrobe, and a few books—on the proceeds of them I lived for a whole week; and then, one morning, after spending two-pence in the purchase of a penny loaf and a saveloy for breakfast, I was penniless.

Many a young fellow has found himself in a similar predicament, but I doubt whether any one ever became so desperately hungry as I did on that day. I recollect that, having rashly eaten up my sausage at eight, I felt a sinking towards twelve; it was aggravated by the savory smell of roast meat which steamed from the cookshops and dining-rooms as I walked along the street. Towards one o'clock I gazed with malignant envy at the happy clerks who could go in and order platefuls of the roast and boiled which smoked in the windows, and threw a perfume more delicious than the sweetest strains of music into the streets where I lingered and looked. About two, I observed the diners come out again, walking more slowly, but with an upright and satisfied air, while I—the sinking had been succeeded by a dull gnawing pain—was slowly doubling up. At half-past two I felt as if I could bear it no longer. I had been walking about trying different offices for a clerkship. I might as well have asked for a partnership. But I could walk no more. I leaned against a post—it was in Bucklersbury—opposite a dining-room, where hares, fowls, and turkeys were piled in the window among a boundless prodigality and wealth of carrots, turnips, and cauliflowers, till my senses swam at the contemplation. I longed for a caldron in which to put the whole contents of the shop front, and eat them at one Gargantuan repast. My appetite, already alluded to, was hereditary; one of the few things I can remember of my mother was a constant complaint that my father used to eat her out of house and home. To be sure, from other scraps of information handed down by tradition, I have reason to believe that the word eating was used by a figure of speech—the part for the whole—and included drinking. I was good at both, and as a trencherman I had been unsurpassed, as I said above, in the company, the dear old company among whom I had so often eaten beefsteak and fried onions with Juliet. The door of the restaurant opened now and then to let a hungry man enter or a full man go out, and I caught voices from within, stifled voices, as those sent up a pipe, calling for roast beef with plenty of brown—good heavens! plenty of brown; roast mutton, underdone—I love my mutton underdone; boiled beef with suet pudding and fat—I always took a great deal of pudding and fat with my boiled beef; roast veal and bacon with stuffing—a dish for the gods; calves' head for two—I could have eaten calves' head for a dozen; with orders pointing to things beyond my hungry imagination—hunger limits the boundaries of fancy—puddings, fish, soup, cheese, and such delicacies. Alas! I wanted the solids. I felt myself growing feebler; I became more and more doubled up; I had thoughts of entering this paradise of the hungry, and, after eating till I could eat no longer, calmly laying down my knife and fork and informing the waiter that I had no money. There was a farce in which I had once played where the comic actor sent for the landlord, after a hearty meal, and asked him what he would do in case a stranger after ordering and eating his dinner should declare his inability to pay. "Do, sir?" cried the host, "I should kick him across the street." "Landlord," said the low-comedian, and it always told,—"Landlord," he used to rise up slowly as he spoke and solemnly draw aside his coat-tails, turning his face in the direction of the street-door,—"landlord, I'll trouble you." I used to play the landlord.

It struck half-past three; the dead gnawing of hunger was followed by a sharp pain, irritating and much more unpleasant. The crowd of those who entered had been followed by the crowd of those who came out, and the heaven of hungry men was nearly empty again. I gazed still upon the turkeys and the hares, but with a lack-lustre eye, for I was nearly fainting.

Presently there came down the street, an elderly gentleman, bearing before him, like a Lord Mayor in a French tale, his enormous abdomen; he had white hair, white whiskers, and a purple face. He walked very slowly, as if the exertion might prove apoplectic, and leaned upon a thick stick. As he passed the shop he looked in at the window and wagged his head. At that moment I groaned involuntarily. He turned round and surveyed me. I suppose I presented a strange appearance, leaning against the post, with stooping figure and tightly-buttoned coat. He had big projecting eyes, flushed with red veins that gave him a wolfish expression.

"Young man," he said, not benignantly at all but severely, "you look ill. Have you been drinking?"

I shook my head.

"I am only hungry," I said; telling the truth because I was really too far gone to hide it. "I am only hungry; that's all the matter with me."

He planted his stick on the ground, supporting both his hands upon the gold head, and wagged his head again from side to side with a grunting sound in his throat like the sawing of bones.

Grunt! "Here's a pretty fellow for you!" Grunt! "Hungry, and he looks miserable." Grunt! "Hungry, and he groans." Grunt! "Hungry—the most enviable condition a man can be in—and he dares to repine at his lot." Grunt! "What are the lower classes coming to next, I wonder. Aren't you a model of anything that is ungrateful and"—grunt!—"and flying in the face of Providence? He lives in a land of victuals. London is a gigantic caravan, full of the most splendid things which it only wants an appetite to eat; and he's got that, and he laments!"

"What is the use if you have no money?"

Grunt! "Is it a small appetite, as a rule, or is it a large appetite?"

"Large," I replied. "It is an awkward thing for a poor beggar like me to have such a devil of a twist. I was born with it. Very awkward just now."

"Come with me, young man," he grunted. "Go before me. Don't talk, because that may interfere with the further growth of your appetite. Walk slowly and keep your mouth shut."

He came behind me, walking with his chuckle and grunt.

"So. What a fine young fellow it is!" Grunt! "What room for the development of the Alderman's Arch! What a back-bone for the support of a stomach! What shoulders for a dinner-table, and what legs to put under it! Heavens! what a diner might be made of this boy if he only had money." Grunt! "You and appetite—health and hunger—what a thing, what a thing! This way, young man."

Turning down a court leading out of Bucklersbury he guided me to a door, a little black portal, at which he stopped; then stooping to a keyhole of smaller size than was generally used in those days, he seemed to me to blow into it with his mouth; this was absurd, of course, but it seemed so to me. The door opened. He led the way into a passage which, when the door shut behind us, as it did of its own accord, was pitch dark. He went up some stairs, and on the first landing the old gentleman, who was wheezing and puffing tremendously, opened another door, and led me into a room. It was a large room, resplendent with the light of at least forty wax candles. The centre was occupied by a large dining-table laid for a single person. Outside it was broad daylight, for it was not yet four o'clock.

"Sit down, young man, sit down," puffed my host. "O dear! O dear! Sit down, do. I wish I was as hungry as you."

I sat down in the nearest chair, and looked round the room. The first thing I remarked was that I could not see the door by which we had been admitted. The room was octagonal, and on every side stood some heavy piece of furniture; a table with glass, a case of bookshelves, a sofa, but no door. My head began to go round, but I continued my observations. There was no window either, nor was there any fireplace. Then I felt a sudden giddiness, and I suppose I fell backwards on my chair. It was partly the faintness of hunger, but partly it was the strange room, and that old man glaring at me with his great wolfish eyes.

When I recovered I was lying on a sofa, and soft cold fingers were bathing my head, and pressing a perfumed handkerchief to my lips. I opened my eyes suddenly and sat up completely recovered. At the foot of the sofa stood my entertainer.

"Easy with him, Boule-de-neige; make him rest for a moment. Perhaps we have been too much for him."

I turned to see who Boule-de-neige was. He was a negro of the blackest type, as ancient and withered as some old ourang of the tropical woods; his cheeks hung in folds, and his skin seemed too much for his attenuated body; his wool was white, and his gums were toothless; and his nose so flattened with age as to be almost invisible, looking at him as I was looking, in profile. His hands were as soft as any woman's, but icy cold; and his eyes were red and fiery.

"Boule-de-neige, what do you think of him!"

"Him berry fine young man, massa; him beautiful young man; got lubly abbatite developed, I tink; him last long time, much longer time dan last oder young man. Chuck! Him poor trash, dat young man; dam poor trash; use up and go to de debbil in a month. Chuck! Dis young man got lubly stomjack, strong as bull. Chuck-chuck! How much you tink him eat to-night?"

"We shall see, Boule de-neige. We will try him with dinner first, and then pronounce on his performances. Young men do not always come up to their professions. But he looks well, and perhaps, Boule-de neige—perhaps—Ah!" He nodded with a deep sigh.

"What time massa dine himself?"

"I don't kow," the old gentleman answered with another heavy sigh. "Perhaps not till nine o'clock; perhaps not then. Vanish, Boule-de-neige, and serve."

There was evidently something in my host's mind, by the way he sighed. Did Boule-de-neige go through the floor? Did the table sink when he disappeared, and come up loaded with dishes? It seemed so.

I sprang from the couch. The sight and smell of the food brought back my raging hunger.

"Let me eat!" I cried.

"You shall. One moment first—only a single moment. Young man, tell me again and explicitly the nature and extent of your appetite. Be truthful; O, be truthful! Our little tongues should never lie for mutton-chop or apple pie. You know the hymn.

"I've got a dev'l of an appetite. What is there to lie about?"

"My dear young friend, there are many kinds of appetite. Yours may be fierce at first and promise great things, and then end in a miserably small performance. I have known such. Is it a lasting appetite, now? Is it steady through a long dinner? Is it regular in its recurrence?"

"You shall see something of my performance," I laughed, lunenate wretch. "You shall see. I never had a long dinner in my life. It is steady through a good many pounds of steak, and as regular as a clock."

"That is always something. Steak is as healthy a test as I know. Is it, secondly, an appetite that recovers itself quickly? That is very important. Is it a day-by-day or an hour-by-hour appetite? Is it good at all times of the day?"

"Alas, I wish it were not!"

"Hush, young man; do not blaspheme! Tell me, if you eat your fill now—it is half-past four—when do you think you might be ready again?" His eyes glistened like a couple of great rubies in the candlelight, and his hands trembled.

"I should say about eight. But I might do something light at seven, I daresay. Just now I feel as if I could eat a mountain."

"He feels as if he could eat a mountain! Wonderful are the gifts of Providence! My dear young friend, I am very thankful—deeply, deeply thankful—that I met you. Sit down and let me take the covers off for you; I long to see you eat. This is a blessed day, a truly blessed day! I will wait upon you myself. Boule-de-neige, vanish!"

I was too hungry to wonder what he meant, and sat down. He began to help me, talking as he went on:

"Plovers' eggs—he has eaten the whole six. Turtle-soup—gently, my friend, gently. Ah, impetuous youth! More? Stay green fat; humor, humor your appetite; don't drive it; callipash and calipee. It's really sinful to eat so fast. He takes all down without tasting it. No—no more." He put the soup aside, and took the cover off another dish. "Salmon—with cucumber. Lobster-sauce—bless me, it's like a dream of fairyland! Fillet of sole—a beautiful dream to see him; he's a Julius Cæsar the Conquerer. Croquet de volaille—gone like a cloud from the sky. Don't wolf the food, my friend; taste it. Ris de veau—smiles of the dear little innocent confiding calf—a little more bread with it? Mauviettes en caisse, larks in baskets; sweet, rapturous, singing larks, toothsome cockyolly larks. He eats them up, bones and all. Pause, my dear sir, and drink something. Here are champagne, hock, and sauterne; never touch sherry; it's a made-up wine, even the best of it. Come, a little champagne."

"I generally drink draught-beer, sir," I replied modestly. "That is the—but, if you please, a little fizz will be acceptable."

I drank three glasses in rapid succession, and found them good. He meanwhile nodded and winked with an ever-increasing delight which I failed to understand.

"Now, my Nero, my Paris of Troy, my Judas Maccabæus"—he mixed up his names but it mattered nothing—"here is saddle of mutton, with potatoes, cauliflower, currant-jelly. More champagne? It's worth *Manna* of money to see him. Curry? More champagne? Curry of chicken? Cabob curry of chicken, young Alexander the Great? Plenty of rice? Ho, ho, ho! Plenty of rice, he said; why, he is a Goliath—a Goliath of Gath, this young man!"

He really grew so purple that I thought he would have a fit of some kind. But the flattery pleased me all the same.

"Quail or becassine—snipe that is? He takes both, like Pompey. More champagne? Jelly, my Heliogabalus, my modern Caracalla, apricot-jelly? Cabinet pudding? He has two helpings of the pudding. King Solomon in all his glory never—More champagne? A little hock to finish with? He takes his hock in a tumbler, this young Samson. Cheese—Brie—and celery. A glass of port with the cheese. He takes that in a tumbler too, like Og, King of Bashan."

I was really overwhelmed with the splendor of the dinner, the classical and biblical flattery, and the extraordinary gratification which my really enormous hunger caused this remarkable old gentleman. He clapped his hands; he nodded his head; he slapped his legs; he winked and grinned; he smacked his lips; he evinced every sign of the most unbounded delight. When I had quite finished eating he gave me a bottle of claret, and watched me while I rapidly disposed of it. Then he produced from a sideboard, where I certainly had not seen it a moment before, a small cup of strong black coffee with a tiny glass of liquor. As for my own part, I hope I have made it clear that I dined extremely well; in fact, I had never even dreamed of such a dinner in my life. It was not only that I was half starved, but that the things were so good.

"How do you feel now?" my host asked, a shade of anxiety crossing his brow.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

SETTLING A KNOTTY ACCOUNT.

A merchant once had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the matter into court, a proceeding which the Quaker very earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince him of his error; but he was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, quietly looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, the Lord put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, afterwards struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and himself wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask of you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I also found it was unprofitable. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud; and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural tongue."

Such good, frank philosophy was not lost upon the merchant in after years.

THE BIBLE.—Cities fall, empires come to nothing, and kingdoms fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to check, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely this is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a very remarkable manner.

NEARLY DROWNED.

It happened one day that a discussion arose in the natural philosophy class of Williams College, Berkshire, Massachusetts, on the question, "Why is it that, of the various victims carried over Niagara Falls, no trace has ever been found, either in Niagara River or Lake Ontario?"

One student suggested that the fall itself was sufficient to dash to atoms any body whatever; another thought the weight of water could not but keep the body effectually down in the crannies of the abyss below the precipice; and the idea of the third was that the numerous fishes tenanting the deep pool, would leave slender chance for "contingent remainders."

The genial professor, after hearing the various theories of his young philosophers, said that he would not advance one of his own; but that, in humble imitation of a greater man, he would tell them a "little story," which might possibly throw a ray of light upon the subject:

"In my early days," he continued, "I was one of the teachers at an academy of Berkshire. A pleasant stream flowed past the village, and, on Saturday afternoons, it was an agreeable recreation to walk along its banks for a few miles, until I could see its head-waters issue from the side of a steep hill which bounded the prospect. Crossing the stream by a bridge opposite the school-house, I wandered one hot July afternoon up the left bank for nearly two miles, where it takes a sudden turn, bringing the wayfarer by its circuitous windings to my starting point. Feeling tired, and the stream being here very narrow, I resolved to ford it, and save my distance. There is a waterfall at this spot, and below it a grand expanse of water, clear and shallow, except immediately underneath the shoot, where the depth is about twelve or fourteen feet. Marching up the bank about two rods, I divested myself of shoes and stockings, which I took in hand and prepared to cross. Four steps would land me on the other side. The run was scarcely a foot deep, and a slippery green moss, somewhat smoothed by the current, lined its bed invitingly. I threw out a good stout leg, and planted one foot on the silky verdure.

"Did I say planted? I received instanter a lesson in dynamics on which I had not calculated, and which may save the dignity and the equilibrium of future topographical engineers. In the twinkling of an eye, the force of the current had swept me off, and I was whirled down, helpless as an infant, to the falls below. Even in the moment of toppling, I kept perfectly cool, and never during the accident lost presence of mind. Fear I had none. I was a powerful swimmer; there were no rocks, as I well knew, and before I reached the verge, so rapid are operations of the mind, my course was clearly marked out. As soon as I plumped into the pool, I would float to the surface, make for the shore, have a hearty laugh at my mishap, and enliven my fellow teachers with a gay recital of it on my return.

"Over I went very comfortably, and that I reached the pebbly bottom, you may pretty safely assume. But, to my exceeding surprise, I found floating up, though I was several yards out of the torrent's reach, was quite another affair. I abandoned my stockings and shoes, to which I had clung in my headlong descent, and struck out with might and main, but to no purpose—I could not rise! I knew that I was sound in wind and limb, and felt no superincumbent weight pressing me down. I struck out and kicked vigorously in the approved way, but, no sooner did I progress three or four inches upward, than a sort of magnetic attraction, gentle but irresistible, drew my toes down to their old resting-place. It was an incomprehensible "fix." I redoubled my efforts, again, and again, and again, with a similar result. The case was becoming desperate. Was I really doomed to die in this wretched hole, about as pitiful a *finale* for a young student as Clarence's in the malmsey-butt? I would have sighed, but for lack of oxygen, that no friends were to stand sorrowing around my dying bed, stepping with decorous woe behind my remains, and shedding tears by the wholesale. Visions, moreover, of musk-rats, gnawing my flesh, and ravenous pikes darting their long noses into the sockets of my eyes, certainly did not tend to raise my spirits.

"By this time I was nearly paralyzed through sheer exhaustion, and felt but too surely that endurance had reached its limit. One more terrible struggle, and alas! my plight was worse than ever. Noises as of a thousand cannon were ringing in my ears, and I fancied that blood was beginning to start from my mouth and nostrils. Will you believe me when I say that I was literally in a cold sweat! At this crisis, when I had made up my mind for the worst, it occurred to me that, if I could not rise, I might be able to walk or creep below water, and thus manage to reach the brink, which was at no great distance. It was a heaven-sent inspiration, and acted on without an instant's delay. I found to my joy that there was no hindrance to this mode of progression, and crawling along on the bottom like a crab, in less than twenty seconds my dripping head emerged from the treacherous bath, and I was once more respiring the warm summer air. I was saved! Throwing myself on the grass with unutterable thankfulness, I rested for a few minutes, and then deliberately waded in again to recover the shoes and stockings I had left behind, which was easily accomplished. So you see, my friends, that with perseverance, 'some things may be done as well as others.'

"Now, gentlemen, why was it that I could not rise or swim in that water? The dashing of the torrent had raised so many foam bells, and so infiltrated a denser element with air, that the specific gravity of the water was totally changed, and I might as soon have attempted to float on oil or champagne as on that sparkling current. The strongest fish that ever swam the ocean would be powerless to rise from the abyss of Niagara!"

The "HOUSEKEEPER" of our Health.

The liver is the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system. Set the great housekeeper of our health at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, with small daily doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch or eruption. Great eating stones kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and sometwhat protracted use the most tainted system may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of their great resolvents. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

"Claude, a child about three years old, was greatly afflicted with sores on his legs and feet, so that he could not wear his shoes and stockings. Had a great deal of trouble with him. Had tried many remedies ineffectually. At last we tried the Golden Medical Discovery, and in about three weeks he was entirely cured, his sores were all healed, and health much improved.

Respectfully yours, J. W. BOYER.
Vermillion, Edgar Co., Ill., Jan. 24th, 1875.

With all the competition in soap, Dobbins's Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) is first in popularity, because it is pure, uniform and honest. Have your grocer get it, and then try it at once.

DIFFICULTY OF EXCELLENCE.

It is certain that if every one could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced—of a hundred youths who are now poetizing, scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance, and talent, to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery. Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand, if they could have felt, known, and understood, early enough, what really produced a master like Raphael.—*Goethe.*

A DEEP and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the foibles of others. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well to suppose it easy in them; and instead of making them the objects of our sarcasm, they will become the objects of our pity and our prayers.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Cut large, ripe tomatoes across, take out the seeds, fill with grated bread, pepper and salt; a piece of butter improves it; place them together so each tomato will be perfect; grease your pan and bake.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Put into a sauce-pan half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, two ounces of grated chocolate, and about a gill of water; stir on the fire until the mixture assumes the consistence of a thick, smooth cream.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Boil two quarts of milk, with sugar, salt and ground cinnamon. Pour into a dish and mix with it ten raw eggs, well beaten, and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. A little thick cream added much improves it. It should be served ice cold.

SURE CURE FOR INFLAMED EYES.—Take half an ounce of Golden Seal (you will find it at the drug-stores), pour one-half pint boiling water upon it and let it cool. Bathe the eyes with a linen rag dipped in this, each night on going to bed, and you will soon effect a cure.

FACIAL NEURALGIA.—Procure a half-ounce of the oil of peppermint, and, with a camels'-hair brush, paint the parts of the face where the pain is felt. We have found it an excellent application in all forms of pain in the face. A drop applied to the cavity of an aching tooth, and confined there with a pellet of cotton, will arrest the pain.

HAIR TONIC.—The *Druggist's Advertiser* gives the following as a recipe for making a hair preparation which will be stimulating to the scalp, and oily in proportion: Oil almonds, sweet, two ounces; oil bay, one dram; oil nutmeg, one dram; oil sassafras, one dram; tinct. cantharides, one ounce; alcohol to fill, eight ounces.

SNOWBALL CAKE.—A cupful of butter and two cupsful of flour, the whites of three eggs, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda; beat butter and sugar thoroughly together, add the whites of the eggs thoroughly beaten to a stiff foam, then the flour with the cream of tartar sifted in, and milk and soda last.

CUCUMBER VINEGAR.—Two dozen full-grown cucumbers, six white onions, peel both, chop them fine, sprinkle with one pint of salt, let them drain on a sieve one hour; take a teacup of mustard seed, half a teacup of whole black pepper, mix with them, put in a jar and cover with strong vinegar, boiled and strained. It will keep for years.

PUDDING.—One quart of milk, half cup of white sugar, one teaspoonful of rose or vanilla extract, one teaspoonful of butter, half a cup of rice; merely wash the rice, and after adding it to the sweetened pudding put in the oven, occasionally stirring for the first ten minutes. It will be of the consistency of ice-cream, and very delicate. Bake until browned.

BOILED HOMINY.—Soak over night one quart of hominy; next day boil slowly for two hours, drain and put it in a baking dish, and stir in butter, pepper and salt; it should be as thick as mush, and is eaten by some people for breakfast with sugar, cream and nutmeg. It is a good and exceedingly wholesome dish, especially for children this warm weather.

TO CLEAN FURNITURE.—An old cabinet-maker says, the best preparation for cleaning picture-frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scratched, is a mixture of three parts linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its natural color, and leaves a luster upon its surface. Put on with a woolen cloth, and, when dry, rub with woolen.

TOMATO FIGS.—Take six pounds of sugar to sixteen pounds of fruit, scald and remove the skins in the usual way, cook them over the fire until the sugar penetrates them and they are clarified; take them out, flatten, spread on dishes and dry them in the sun; keep the syrup and sprinkle a little of it over them occasionally while they are drying, after which pack them in boxes; sprinkle powdered sugar between each layer.

FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL HONEY, EQUAL TO THAT MADE BY BEES.—Take ten pounds of Havana sugar, and three pounds of water, and forty grains of cream tartar, and ten drops of essence of peppermint, and three pounds of honey. First dissolve the sugar in the water over a slow fire, and take off the scum arising therefrom; then dissolve the cream tartar in a little warm water, and add with some stirring; then add the honey heated to a boiling pitch; then add the essence of peppermint, stir a few moments, and let it stand until cold, when it will be ready for use.

TO MAKE WASHING FLUID.—To one gallon of soft-soap (such as is made by the usual method of boiling the lye of wood ashes and fat together), take four ounces of sal soda, half a gallon of rain or soft water, and a half-gill of spirits of turpentine. Place them all in a pot over the fire, and allow the mixture to boil a few minutes. It is then ready for use, and can be kept in an earthen or stone ware vessel. In using this fluid, the clothes intended to be washed should be soaked ten or twelve hours—say, over night—and then, to a tan or twelve gallon boiler, or kettle-full of clothes, covered with water, add one pint of fluid; boil briskly fifteen minutes, and then rinse them in fresh water. It will be found that little or no rubbing of any account, will be necessary.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA.—Dr. Smith, in his little work on health, thus sums up the requisites for a good cup of tea. 1. Use sufficient tea. 2. Make the pot warm with hot water, or otherwise, before the tea is put into it, or it will cool the hot water. 3. Let the water be boiling at the moment of using it. 4. Fill up the pot at once. 5. Do not use water which has already been boiled, but boil it fresh for the purpose. 6. Cover the teapot, or place it where it will be kept nearly as hot as boiling water. Do not place it on iron that is nearly cold, and imagine it will be kept warm because it is before the fire, for iron draws out heat very rapidly. 7. Let it stand 10 minutes. 8. Use brook or running water if possible. If well water be used, and it is hard, add a very small pinch of carbonate of soda.

The Wish to be Beautiful.—There never lived a woman who could truthfully say she did not care whether she was pretty or not. Every woman cares. The laws of her being render physical attractiveness as much a glory to her as strength is to a man. Now, one of the essential elements of beauty is a clear complexion, free from tan, spot, freckle or blemish, and this charm can be acquired by the use of DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. The mass of testimony establishing the rejuvenating properties of this famous preparation covers a period of many years, and includes the names of a large number of professional celebrities, among which are those of Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Fanny Stockton, Mrs. Bowers, etc. The scientific indorsement of the article is equally comprehensive and emphatic. The Board of Health of New York, in condemning generally the cosmetics of the period as poisonous, specially exempted GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, and pronounced it harmless. For nearly thirty-five years DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, including LILY-WHITE and ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for the cure of skin diseases, have taken precedence of all others, and the fashionable and scientific world unite in awarding to his ORIENTAL CREAM the superiority over every article of its class on either side of the Atlantic. Found at the Doctor's depot, 48 Bond Street, New York, and of druggists.

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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

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THE REASON WHY.

Nothing more fully exemplifies the obdurate inconsistency of humanity, than the almost universal disposition to enter vocations for which there is neither taste, talent, nor encouragement.

No sooner does an individual begin a pursuit than he imagines that the course of human events cannot progress, unless he plunges into foreign channel.

Nor is this mulish idiosyncracy confined to the tender sex. 'Tis true that women love to be obstinate. It is as natural for woman to caress caprice as it is for man to caress woman.

But are not men equally dogmatic? How often have you seen a blacksmith, that did not imagine he was a child of the muses, perverting his talents by hammering hot iron, when he should be fondling the fire of poetic genius?

How often have you seen a farmer, who did not think that the finest elements of mature statesmanship were being wasted in digging post holes and tossing hay to cattle?

A wild-eyed, long-haired, uncouth ranger scurries over the plains for a year or two, kills two or three inoffensive citizens in street brawls; *almost* scalps an Indian on some extraordinary occasion, and then mounts the boards of a metropolitan theatre, and thoroughly scalps the tragic art, amid the plaudits of a humbugged populace.

A bootblack lays up a few dollars in bank, secures the homage of his brother gamins, and fancies that he ought to be editing a newspaper, in order to give the world the benefit of his "shine."

A female dallies with matrimonial prospects for several seasons, and, then, just as she turns the corner from the sweet sunshine of modest girlhood to the deepening twilight of an old maid's miseries, plumps right down on the platform and goes to lecturing people about "How to succeed," when she should be at home darning her little niece's stockings.

A hack driver draws the net of bold extortion about the purses of unsophisticated countrymen, until he grows fat and supercilious, when he applies for an appointment to West Point, or a Commission in a foreign embassy.

Therefore, the scarcity of great men.

If social eminence is to be attained, if intellectual vigor is to be perfected, if moral heroism is to be secured, there must be such a revolution of public sentiment as will deter men and women from entering spheres for which they are in no sense adapted.

So long as beggars insist on being bankers, and street car conductors pine for the position of dramatic critics, there will be only exceptional examples of genuine success.

"STABAT MATER."

The blinds of the *cafe* were drawn close, but we peeped through and saw an old German friend seated at a table, and the others clustering about were asking him in German "for the story."

We found a seat just as he said, "Listen then to the story of *Stabat Mater*.

"That night, it rained terribly, and I applied at a house for shelter. To my rap-rap came, 'Who's there,' in a feeble voice.

"I saw before me a pale young man who had left his sick bed to let me in; not a crust in the house, only a whole pile of blotted music.

"'You are a composer,' I said, 'why do you live so poorly and alone?'

"He stretched his weary frame on the cot, and told me of his life.

"He was a foundling, brought up by a tailor through charity; he worked day and night to learn music. He had been a servant in the *conservatorio*, and his teacher—Gaetano Greco.

"Then, he ran away and went to Rome. No one would listen to his operas, and heart-broken and desolate he had come back to the little cabin, at the foot of Vesuvius, to finish one piece, and die.

"I tried to comfort him. I glanced over his last work. It was grand.

"I took it and sat down to the broken instrument and began to play. It was a prayer, a sublime petition. You know it well. It was Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*.

"In a little while, a voice, feeble at first, but afterwards clear and strong, was added to mine. All at once, it became more sonorous than ever, and the next moment was hushed forever.

"Behind me lay a corpse, which had slipped down from the bed to the floor. Pergolesi was finishing in heaven the hymn he began on earth."

The nephew of him who wrote the *Huntsman's Chorus* had told this story, and opened the way for some exquisite music from the pleasant German group.

What a growing taste, and love for music is developing among our people. We are often reminded of this as we stroll through the streets at night and hear, issuing from almost every other house, the sweet tones of the familiar piano, or, now and then, the softer pleadings of the guitar, touched by some fair hand into life and melody; again, the wild resonance of the cornet, breaking from the recluse corner of the attic, where the performer hopes to practice without disturbing the neighborhood.

As we pass and repass the saloons and restaurants, we catch the sound of harp, and violin and well-attuned voices, betokening the gathering of minstrels from abroad, who beguile the hours away, and almost convince us that we are actually strolling the Boulevards of Paris, or lounging in the San Carlos at Naples.

Only last night we halted at one of these *cafes*, and listened to a number of ballads sung with a degree of expression and unaffected purity of voice, that really charmed.

And we thought, at the time, how much talent of a superior order there is in this city, concealed and hidden in the shades of private life, and which, were it possible to draw it out, would quite rival some of the notes on theatre boards, for which we pay so dearly.

It is a matter of congratulation that the cultivation of sacred and operatic music is being so closely associated with all the elegancies of refinement in our American life.

LOVE A REALITY.

There is nothing on earth worthy of being compared for a moment with love. No other thing can give by itself unalloyed happiness.

A loveless life is worthless, though passed in luxury, and crowned with the proudest laurels of successful ambition.

A life well set about with love is blessed, though haunted by that relentless fate which seems to-day to some men and women what the world calls success.

To have been without a parent's love in childhood, without the love of brothers and sisters; to have passed youth without that more romantic love which makes heaven of earth; and to live on in maturity, neither feeling nor inspiring that strong enduring love which makes any sacrifice easy, and toil pleasant, any burden light, so that it benefits the loved ones, is to be poor indeed—so poor that even the pitying angels have no alms to give that can do any good.

And, yet, how many know nothing of love, or only understand the word in its coarsest sense, so that one blushes to have uttered it in such presence.

How many, more pure than these, sneer at it as a delusion and absurdity, notwithstanding that pure love is not a thing of the senses, but of the soul; not a flame, flickering and flashing over the passionate time of life, but a soft, steady glare, lighting it from the cradle to the grave, and, one may even hope, burning on beyond it, since heaven itself is love.

LIVING TOGETHER.

We have seen, on a printed slip, a set of pithy maxims on the "Art of Living Together." We do not know who wrote them, but they are full of good sense, and might well be laid to heart by every one who lives in constant companionship with another, whether as husband and wife, college chums or partners in business.

"Avoid having stock subjects of disputation. Do not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason.

"If you would be loved as a companion, avoid criticism of those with whom you live.

"Let not familiarity swallow up all courtesy."

A GREEN street woman found these cabalistic words, written on scented note, in her husband's pocket:

Be sure and get them high enough, and, mind, a delicate tint, dear. I'm not as fond of flashy colors as old 7 and 6.

TOOTSY FOOTSY.

The next morning he bought six bottles of Ayers's Hair Restorer.

SHABBY GENTEEL.

Among all the pitiable and appealing sights which assail the eyes, and, through them, the heart, none can bear comparison with that which exhibits the peculiar circumstance which, in common parlance, is known as shabby gentility. There is a mute development of all the aggregate of human suffering in it—a development of intolerable yet uncomplaining torment, which excites the tenderest regard in the beholder, and the most unselfish sympathy. There is something gross in bodily suffering; but mental pain is delicate in its intrinsic nature. The dignified suffering of shabby gentility is the very realization of what poets call "exquisite agony." There is something in the battered hat, the threadbare coat, and the disordered but highly lustrous boots, which the flintiest of natures cannot deny. Poverty does not always address itself to the sympathies, and seldom, if ever, in the ratio of its degree. The poor homeless vagabond in tatters and filth, the shivering mendicant whose empty pockets cannot afford him more than a mouldy crust to gnaw, extorts charity more frequently than he invites. But shabby gentility seduces the finer instincts of the charitable man, and wins upon human nature insensibly. It is not the number of tatters, or the hideous minutiæ of privations, but that which lies beneath the threadbare suit—the mental suffering, of which this is the evidence and symbol. In this lies the vital principle on which the pathetic quality of shabby gentility is based.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

I had a happy dream of love:
I saw the maid I loved in youth;
Methought we wandered through a grove,
And pledged our vows of love and truth.
Dame Nature o'er our heads had wove
A checker'd shade of buds and flowers;
The flowers bent their heads to love,
And love seemed smiling with the hours.

Methought I saw that loving face—
Those azure eyes where beauty beamed,
I saw the tears of pity chase
Each other as they downward streamed.
Her form of beauty, half divine,
Wove o'er my heart its magic charms;
I press'd her trembling hand in mine,
And clasped her weeping in my arms.

O, happy hours of love! that fly
And vanish like the setting beam!
The joys of earth but fade and die,
And life seems but a waking dream!
The vision fades before mine eyes—
The landscape and the leafy grove—
The brooklet and the evening skies:
'Twas but a fleeting dream of love!

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Hitherto we have confined our descriptions of the Exhibition to no one department or nationality, but have given general outlines of all. We now give special attention to the exhibits of single nations.

It seems only fitting to inaugurate this latter course by selecting for the first,

THE GREAT MOTHER BRITAIN.

In all the principal buildings may be found large and comprehensive displays of all that pertains to Science, Fine Arts, Machinery and Agriculture. In the Main Building may be found Manufactures, and things belonging to Science and Education, Mining and Metallurgy.

We cheerfully accord the "merit due" wherever it belongs, and none will dispute the right of England to have precedence in most manufactured goods. The time has not long passed when we might with truth say that the entire precedence in that line was hers, but during the last decade there have been such giant strides made by our own country, towards a greater perfection, if such a phrase is allowable, that without an overplus of vain glory, we may in many things challenge the world to show superiority.

There is an excellent display of furniture and objects of general use in fitting up and adorning dwellings, to be seen in the

MAIN BUILDING.

The lovers of artistic chairs and couches may find their fancies embodied in the curious and beautiful tints of furniture made in the Queen Anne and European styles. The most complete designs for drawing-room, dining-room, and chamber, being shown in each, not even omitting the carpets and curtains; while the admirers of Eastern designs and luxurious appointments can be gratified by examining the beautiful Anglo-Indian sets exhibited.

The drawing-room set that pleased our fancy most was covered with a silk brocade of an olive gree round, with figures in dead gold, wrought upon it. The arrangement of a "conversation Divan," we should term it, especially commends itself in this set. It is upon the model of a "*Tete a tete*" sofa, with the improvement of admitting a third person. The seats being arranged so that the person in the middle forms the point of a triangle, and so faces the other two occupants of the luxurious seats. Charming little tables and bracket shelves, of rattan, and light woods, tastefully colored and gilded, accompany this set.

The Axminster and Milton

CARPETS

are unsurpassed for richness of pile and rare beauty of coloring and designs. There seems to be a decided preference for the more glowing tints of crimson and scarlet in these carpets, over the pearls and greys, with delicate clusters of pale tinted flowers, which seem to be the preferred styles of the French, and indeed our own people, in such articles.

We must confess to a leaning in the direction of British taste in this matter. Nothing conveys such an idea of warmth and cheerfulness as a soft, velvety, carpet of that charming shade of crimson, which has neither the glaring offense of "brick dust red," nor the lukewarmness of cherry color. This particular crimson is shown in one or two splendid Axminsters woven in one piece, and shaded from the darkest carnation to a faint rose blush. The arabesque designs, combined with a graceful interweaving of leaf-patterns, are for the most part adopted in the designs, which are after all the highest type of artistic beauty in such articles.

There are two notable

CHAIRS,

one a richly-carved one of "Glastonbury" pattern, and the other a dining-room chair, covered with pig-skin leather.

We were much struck with a chimney-piece, having a fire-place of stone and marble, inlaid with handsome tiles, representing birds, foliage, and flowers. The frame is of carved oak and has mirror panels, the andirons having a patent cup arrangement, which is reversible, and in summer can be used for holding flowers.

The celebrated English bedsteads, of brass only and brass and iron combined, are shown, some quite plain, others elaborately chased and wrought, but all of graceful shapes. For children's use we admire them, but prefer those of wood for general furnishing.

Among the unique articles of

FURNITURE

is displayed a "stuffed," or "prepared" would be the better term, bear, arranged as a dumb-waiter, to hold tray and lamps. Dumb and obedient this waiter certainly is, and well for the possessor of his "Bruinship" that the seal of perpetual silence and quietude has been set upon him, or he might find this adjunct to his domestic economy, an unbearable item at times.

A Major in the Royal Artillery, of an ingenious and sybaritic temperament, combined, has invented a luxury in the hammock line, being patented as a

LOUNGE HAMMOCK,

and possessing the quality of adjusting itself to any lazy position one may desire to assume, of a reclining nature. It is suspended to an iron frame and suggests "warm, soft airs, and tropical skies," and languid Eastern or Southern beauties, swaying to and fro under broad-leafed foliage, and amidst strange "purple and scarlet blooms, and bright, glaring, many-hued birds." There, now we are growing lazily sentimental over a hammock. Such is the wonderful power of association. We must not omit our hammock's more useful qualities, which will commend it to the practical. It can be adjusted so as to form a camp bed, or garden lounge, and also a chair.

There are decorative door panels, inlaid with imitation woods, precious stones and ivory, which are very curious, and to a certain degree, beautiful.

Stoves and grates in metal, decorated with porcelain tiles, fenders and andirons, are shown.

In fine work for household furnishing, there are one or two interesting models in hammered and *repousse* work. One in the latter represents a noble-looking retriever and is excellently delineated. An Aloe plant is shown in hammer pine and painted to represent the natural color. It is a fine piece of work. Nor are lacking a variety of

PIANOS.

The old-established Broadwood's is represented by an oblique grand cottage piano in satin wood case with stool to match. This make of piano had for many years a great supremacy everywhere, but as we have before said, America can challenge the world in some of her manufactures, among which may justly be reckoned pianos. Still this very handsomely finished instrument compares well with any we have seen or heard.

Housewives will find many articles wherewith to comfort their souls in this Department, such as the "Perfect Gas Stove," which boils water, steams vegetables, and roasts meat, all at the same time and uses only two burners. Or else the "Yorkshire Grates," (how suggestive this name of Christmas cheer in "Ye Olden Time," of fat oxen and giant puddings) this grate is arranged to fit any chimney, having two or more ovens, and only needing four inches of fire to heat as many.

There are some wonderful mouse-traps, self-acting sifters, rotary knive cleaners, and very beautiful lamps.

IN WOVEN GOODS

of silk, wool and cotton, not forgetting linen, there is much to be seen and admired. The celebrated Richardson's linens are well represented in table and household linens generally, also in dress goods. Nor are other firms wanting. Indeed, it is hard to award the palm of superiority, where such excellence appears in all.

The silk exhibit is interesting and combines the usual specimens from the cocoon up to the richest brocades or the most delicate ribbons and laces.

Clothing, jewelry and travelling equipments are in great variety. Our space will not admit of more than a short mention of some articles under each head, and we do not intend to slight such as we are compelled to include in a general notice.

In jewelry there are all kinds, from gold and silver articles down to "bog oak," which latter is capable of a high degree of polish, and arbutus wood from Killarney, Galway marble, yew, jet, pebble, and ore. The general form of the jewelry seems to tend more to the rich and massive style, than the lighter and more graceful designs. We have before described many of such articles in this Department. Some fine specimens of Highland pearls, cairnogorms and pebbles are shown in the Scottish sections.

Some very curious tankards and old Irish drinking cups in silver arrest the eye.

In clothing there are many handsome suits shown in faille, gros-grain and brocade for ladies, and no lack of "Poole's best" cut garments for the sterner sex. The elder down articles we described in detail in a former letter and so will not recapitulate. Machine and other needles, whips, umbrellas, walking sticks, etc., are to be seen.

In stationery, blank books, and other paper, there is a very complete assortment. The celebrated Irish linen paper, made from scraps of linen rags, is of a marked excellence.

Military and naval armaments, fire arms, and apparatus for hunting and fishing abound.

A curious invention for shooting practice, called the "Registered Flyer," is shown. This represents a bird and flies in the air like one, and is of great use to learners.

Rifles and shot-guns in all varieties, patent fishing rods and tackle are shown. Surgical and pharmaceutical apparatus, are to be seen—the former of a very superior quality, and cannot be surpassed, or in some instances equalled, by like articles manufactured by any other nation. As "the hour produces the man," so this may be attributable to the fact that some of the greatest surgeons and physicians the world has ever known, have been given to the world by England and Scotland,—hence the perfection of the instruments.

The hardware and cutlery shown in the Main Building is of a high degree of excellence. Sheffield steel, in all its perfection appears, and maintains its ancient prestige.

India rubber, and shell goods, ivory and horn are shown.

The pavilion of sheet and wrought iron we have so recently described, that we need only include it in a general mention.

EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS,

with the necessary accessories, are shown in all the variety of forms, now so generally used to exemplify the methods, and smooth the thorny paths of learning. Maps, models, etc., plans for public and other schools, details concerning universities, Kindergarten schools, places of instruction for the blind, and deaf and dumb, are all here explained and shown by means of text-books, educational reports and models.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

has contributed many articles, both in originals and copies. Of works of high art from this institution may be mentioned a copy of the Milton Shield, done in repousse work. The original plate, in silver, damascened in gold, representing a Pompeian Lady at her Toilet, wrought in Repousse, and of the rarest beauty. The figures stand out with a most life-like expression, the lady being represented as sitting, with a mirror held before her by one slave, while another arranges her hair, and one kneels to adjust her sandals. The back-ground of foliage and finest wire tracery is exquisitely delineated, each article of furniture being carefully wrought also, not the smallest particular being omitted.

A chess table of great beauty is shown. The board being of black and white squares of ivory, inlaid with gold. A border of pale lilac and greenish blue mingled with gold encircles it, and is done in enamel. At each corner is painted the heads of the world's greatest conquerors: Napoleon I, Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, and Tiaphernes.

THE HELICON VASE

in Repousse and chasing, designed by *Morel Ladeuil*, is here exhibited. It represents the Triumph of Music and Poetry, depicted by two figures who sit on each side of the vase, which is itself of antique or urn shape, seen in the Etruscan and Pompeian vases. The material is silver and steel, damascened in gold. It compares well with the Bryant vase, but is not so beautiful as the Century vase, exhibited by the Gorham Company.

Articles in gold and enamel are shown. Among others, a large, old-fashioned

LOVING CUP,

elaborately chased and having bands of blue enamel, wrought with Grecian and Egyptian figures, and having a cover in the tankard shape, is very beautiful in form and work. Tints of mediæval armor in mixed metal are among these exhibits, and carry one back to that splendid age of pageantry and glowing color of "doughty deeds" and "sweet chivalrie." Alas, for this prosaic age, this last named quality seems to have vanished from the minds of men, as is too often proven by their manners.

In Ceramics,

POTTERY, PORCELAIN, ETC.,

there is much to be admired. The Majolica is said to be unsurpassed, and truly, if distortion of nature in form and coloring, make up the excellence of the ware, then there is a high degree of perfection displayed in this Department.

Much more interesting and beautiful are the Palissy and Porcelain, the Parian and Biscuit wares.

There is a very beautiful chandelier in glass, with seventy-odd receptacles for candles. The mosaic tiles are worthy of notice, as are also the Encaustic tiles for mantel and chimney pieces.

There are some fine models in terra cotta ware. Among the more marked are a bust of Sir Walter Scott, and a statue of Sir James Simpson.

Specimens of torrified meerschaum are shown, and many curious pipes of white clay.

In the Annex to the Main Building are shown the

CARRIAGES.

The fashionable Drag or four-horse coach we have alluded to, but there are many beautiful Broughams and Park Phætons, with smaller vehicles.

A lady's Park Phæton has a hand brake for the driver, a skeleton seat for the servant, and is painted a bronze green with carmine around the wheels.

A "Bachelor's Brougham," has black panels and tan-colored shadings; very elegant in all its details, and, if only available for cellbates, is enough to tempt a man to continue in that state of delightful freedom.

A Landau is lined with imperial blue cloth; and has the head or movable part arranged with patent hinges, so as to be easily adjustable. The Barlow patent lever lock prevents the doors being opened or windows broken without first lowering the window into the receptacle.

In Machinery Hall are exhibited

MACHINES FOR MINING,

for working in metals, wood and stone; for spinning and weaving; for sewing and making clothes, for painting and working paper; together with heavier machines for motive power, for pneumatic and hydraulic purposes, for agricultural use, etc.

Aveling and Porter's

STEAM ROAD ROLLER

is very interesting. The engine is placed upon four rollers of an equal width, the two front ones acting as steering rollers; the two back ones as drivers. The front ones are slightly conical in form. This machine can be turned around in little more than its own length. It can be used for a stone-breaker, as well as a road roller.

THREE GALLOWAY STEAM BOILERS

are shown, and are conceded to be of marked superiority over other makes on account of the conical water pipes or Galloway tube, which promotes quick circulation of water, and posses that uniform temperature essential to the safety of the boiler.

IN SEWING MACHINES

there is a good display, but among such general excellence it is invidious to make distinctions. Of course, the preference must be given to the Lock Stitch over the Chain Stitch.

A MODEL OF AN IRON LIFE-BOAT,

unsinkable, is shown. It has a comfortable, covered shelter for females and children, provision being made for secure placing of water, valuables and food. The model represents a thirty feet life-boat, capable of being lowered overboard by means of a hawser from a sinking ship, the sails and masts to be adjusted when clear of the wreck.

Other boats are shown; for racing, yacht and pleasure vessels; submarine armor and diving bells.

A figure of a Diver, in complete helmet and speaking apparatus is shown and is very interesting.

In Agricultural Hall is displayed timber and trunks of trees, specimens of bark and seed vessels, sections of trees, ornamental woods, dye woods, gums and resins, gutta percha and vegetable wax, specimens of fruit, both tropical and from temperate zones.

Marine animals and fish—the latter in tanks and also preserved; animal and vegetable products, such as cheese, honey-wax, flour, eggs, biscuits, etc. Wines and liquors of all kinds, also oils. Jute and wool, cotton and hemp are exhibited, and many other fibres.

HARVESTING IMPLEMENTS

are shown, and cultivators, etc., but we are so accustomed to all manner of new inventions at home in those articles that we find ourselves only interested in comparing them with those of other countries. A curious model of an ancient Highland cart and old Shetland plough are shown, and excite our wonder that they could ever have rendered efficient service.

IN HORTICULTURAL HALL

there are fine specimens of some rare plants, many of them from the Colonies—tree ferns from Australia. The beautiful display of rhododendrons, in the special tent, and azaleas, were from the Trap Hill Nursery, Surrey.

IN MEMORIAL HALL

may be found many fine pictures and statues, some of the former lent by Her Majesty the Queen; others by the Royal Academy, London. Among the former are "The Marriage of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 10th March, 1863," painted by Mr. Powell Frith, R. A., and is a fine piece of grouping and coloring. A genuine "Etty," "Sleeping Nymph and Satyrs," noticeable for beauty of lines and flesh tints, added to warmth of tone, is lent by the Royal Academy.

"The Five Sisters of York," taken from the scene in "Nicholas Nickleby," where the Friar finds them "seated on the grass embroidering, with Alvie in the centre," painted by Mrs. Louise Jopling, is very attractive.

Sir Edwin Landseer is represented by four or five pictures. Two, "Studies of a Lion" and the "Sick Monkey," are unsurpassed.

The Queen contributes also "The Marriage of the Young Prince Richard, Duke of York, with Anne, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, 15th May, 1848," painted by J. Northcote, R. A.

Gilbert Stuart's "Washington" is lent by J. Delemare Lewis; "Portrait of Her Majesty In Coronation Robes," lent by the Queen, and painted by Sir George Hayter; the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, lends "A Group of Highland Cattle," by H. B. Willis—very fine in coloring. There are many fine engravings and water-color paintings, together with crayon sketches, photographs, lithographs, etc.

IN THE WOMAN'S PAVILLION,

there are specimens of embroidery and other kinds of handiwork. The Princess Louise contributes a water-color sketch of honeysuckle and other flowers. There is undoubtedly an excellent display of women's work in this latter building, but as much of it comes from the Colonies, which we must reserve for a future letter, we are compelled to omit particular descriptions. The statuary and reliefs in stone and metal, the cameos and intaglios, are of great merit in many instances.

We are unwillingly obliged, for want of space, to omit in this letter any other mention of the Colonies than merely to give their names. In a future article we hope to present their very interesting exhibits at greater length. Those who are represented are the Bahamas, the Bermuda Islands, British Guiana, Ceylon and Strait's Settlement, Jamaica, Gold Coast Colony, Mauritius, Victoria, Trinidad, Tasmania, Seychelles Archipelago, Queensland, and New Zealand—not forgetting to mention India.

We fear we have given but an imperfect outline of the great exhibit from Britain proper. In completeness and solid excellence it cannot be surpassed. Our article is of a length unsuitable to such a description as would be needed to do any justice to the subject.

To England may be awarded the credit of inaugurating these national exhibitions. Although each succeeding one has been an improvement in every way upon the last, yet to her belongs the original credit.

No greater educator for the people can be found; no surer *healer* of national feuds, or cementer of national friendships can be be found. As one of England's sons beautifully remarks in regard to this our festival, and the relations now existing between England and America:

"Thus will the Centennial be worthily celebrated by 'peace and good will to all men;' it is for England and America to set an example to the nations; for this Hundredth Birthday of Young America is not merely a holiday on one side of the Atlantic. It appeals to all who speak the mother-tongue; it is a bell that rings for the 'unity of the English-speaking world.' * * * Once agree that 'blood is thicker than water,' and nothing can ever again separate England from America, save the Atlantic."

And so, in all kindly friendship, we say "Amen!" and strike hands in lasting friendship with the dear old Mater.

JOHN MILTON.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

It is by his poetry that John Milton is best known. By the general suffrage of the civilized world, his place has been assigned among the greatest masters of the art. He inherited, we are told, what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education, and in forming a just estimate of his powers, large deductions for these advantages must, therefore, be made. He was a profound and elegant classical scholar; he had studied all the mysteries of Rabbinical literature; he was intimately acquainted with every language of modern Europe, from which either pleasure or information was then to be derived. He was, perhaps, the only great poet of later times who has been distinguished by the excellence of his Latin verse. The strength of his imagination triumphed over every obstacle. So intense and ardent was the fire of his genius, that it not only resisted suffocation beneath the weight of its fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance. The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations, by means of which it acts on the reader. He does not paint a finished picture, or play for a mere passive listener. He sketches and leaves others to fill up the outline. He strikes the keynote and expects his hearer to complete the melody.

In none of the works of Milton is his peculiar excellence more happily displayed than in the "Allegro," and the "Penseroso." These poems differ from others as ottar of roses differs from ordinary rose water,—the close packed essence from the thin diluted mixture. The "Comus" and the "Samson Agonistes," are works which, though of very different merit, offer some marked points of resemblance. They are both lyric poems in the form of plays.

The character of Milton was distinguished by loftiness of thought, and he was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he, too, had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. His intellect survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Though he wrote the "Paradise Lost" at a time of life when images of beauty and tenderness are in general beginning to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by anxiety and disappointment, he adorned it with all that is most lovely and delightful in the physical and in the moral world. Neither Theocritus nor Ariosto had a finer or a more healthful sense of the pleasantness of external objects, or loved to luxuriate amid sunbeams and flowers, the songs of nightingales, the juice of summer fruits, and the coolness of shady fountains. Milton's public conduct was such as was to be expected from a man of a spirit so high and an intellect so powerful. He lived in one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind; at the very crisis of the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes—liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice.

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Edmund Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of the cloth of gold. Not even in the earlier books of the "Paradise Lost" has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. The sight of his books and the sound of his name are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers, which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate; not, indeed, the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and his fame.

Milton seldom tasted wine, both because of his singular abstemiousness and because of his gout. His nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which these fine elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived "As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye." Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward.

AN ALLEGORY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

NEWS NOTES.

THE Emperor of Brazil is going to Ephesus, to visit the site of the Temple of Diana.

THE membership of the National Sons of Temperance has fallen off 40,000 during the past year.

A FAC-SIMILE of the original "Domesday Book" of 1080, has been printed in London.

NEARLY fifty tons of books, newspapers and pamphlets are sent daily from New York city.

SPEAKER Kerr's condition was unchanged on Wednesday, but there was little hopes of his recovery.

THE orchards of this country are estimated to occupy 500,000 acres and contain 20,000,000 trees.

IT is stated in Paris that General Berthandt will shortly be appointed Minister of War vice General De Cissy.

THERE is said to be a general uprising of the Indians against the Mexicans along the Colorado river and the adjoining country.

A DISPATCH from Simla says the report is untrue that Lord Lytton contemplates resigning the Governor-Generalship of India next year.

A TELEGRAM from Alexandria, Egypt, to the London *Standard*, says reinforcements are leaving for Abyssinia, whence come rumors of Egyptian reverses.

SO FAR from increasing the prices of food in Philadelphia, the Exhibition has actually had the effect, by attracting larger supplies, of reducing them.

THE length of the deepest cable laid in the world is 70,000 miles. The world telegraphic lines extend over 400,000 miles, and there are 190,000 miles of railroad.

FOR brave conduct during the Castle Garden fire, John Lacy, a boy on the United States training ship Minnesota, has just received a medal awarded him by Congress.

IN the new opera house, London, Mr. Mapleson proposes to supply his subscribers with bath-rooms, which the average Londoner doesn't have in his own house.

IN an old tin box unearthed in a newly-plowed field at Bolivar, Tenn., were found fifty Mexican dollars and twenty half dollars, none of which had been coined later than 1730.

THE Supreme Court of Louisiana, seems to be in a state of war with the lower courts. Out of 30 cases appealed, 20 have just been either reversed, amended or remanded.

WHILE waltzing on a barge on the Hudson river, several days ago, a couple lost their balance and fell overboard. The man was rescued, but his partner was drowned.

A PART of the zoological collection made by the Prince of Wales in India, has been presented to the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, of which society the Prince is Vice President.

IT IS reported that at a meeting of the Council of Ministers and the Committee of the Skuptschina, on Wednesday, it was decided that a loan for 2,000,000 ducats should be issued in Russia.

A BAR of iron worth $5.50, made into horse shoes, is worth $10.50; made into penknife blades, it is worth $355; made into needles, it is worth $8,285; and made into balance springs for watches, it is worth $250,000.

AFTER all the gloomy predictions in regard to the failure of the Delaware and Maryland peach crop, this year, it appears that about the usual number of baskets will be marketed. A careful estimate of the Delaware crop places it at 1,500,000 baskets.

THE earliest mode of writing was upon bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stones, ivory, and bark, also leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use.

IT is stated that some diamonds and other jewels, belonging to the late Sultan, have been pawned at the Paris Monte-de-Piete for $2,400,000, on account of a Greek banker at Constantinople, representing, it is said, the new Government.

WORKING-MEN engaged in building, and in house and street repairs, in Paris, pursue their avocations the same on Sundays as upon other days of the week. In fact Sunday is not observed as a day of rest by any class of workmen except those employed in certain manufactories.

IT IS believed that very bad news has been received from Ranja. The details are not yet known, but it may be considered as certain that the Turkish plan of campaign has been successful, and unless Russia intervenes the war will be over before many days.

THE cash receipts at the Exhibition gates have thus far exceeded $800,000, but in addition to this, over $40,000 have been received as royalty on beer and soda sold within the grounds, and a large sum was also received from manufacturers, who pay a percentage of fifteen per cent. on all sales of articles manufactured at the Exhibition in Philadelphia.

THE street railway car in Paris is not allowed to carry at any time more passengers than the number of seats provided; yet, owing to the construction of seats on the top also, the cars can always carry seventy-two people comfortably. The stairway for the ascent to the top is so commodious and well protected that ladies share the upper seats with the men, and in warm weather give preference to the outside.

THE late Mr. Baird, the wealthy iron founder of Scotland, bequeathed $100,000 each to the Universities of Edinburg and Glasgow. In addition, he left funds to Glasgow University to Establish a chair of architecture, a chair of geology and a popular lectureship in science. His largest gift was to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and amounted to about $1,000,000, making his gifts to that church reach the generous sum of $1,500,000.

The "Standard's" Vienna despatch asserts that Servians and not the Turks, fired Gurgoowats. As the Turkish troops march into the interior, the villages are deserted by their inhabitants. The Servians lost 3000 men at Gurgoovatz. Reinforcements sent to them by Tchernayeff, consisting of four battalions of militia and three of volunteers, arrived too late for the battle and were cut to pieces, 2000 men being killed.

ACCOUNTS agree that the Russian Government is making the utmost exertions to spread a feverish feeling among the Russians in behalf of Servia. The Russian troops in Bessarabia are constantly receiving reinforcements. Large purchases of arms have been made for Servia in Berlin, for which Roumania promises liberty of transit through her territory. The new Roumanian Ministry means war or a neutrality favorable to the Servians.

BELKNAP'S trial cost the Government $100,000.

TEXAS legislators have reduced their own pay to $2 a day.

EX-GOVERNOR Henry A. Wise is very ill at his residence in Richmond.

BELMONT won $12,650 in the Long Branch races and the Lorillards $11,000.

THERE is in Fort Wayne the original lock of Daniel Boone's Kentucky cabin.

IT is stated that the Turkish army now equipped and in the field numbers 300,000.

A MAN in Geneva has invented a new kind of musical box which gives an excellent imitation of the human voice.

MISS OLIVER, a pretty young lady, is now preaching in Brooklyn, and expects to bring many a Roland to the anxious seat.

THE Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, of the Church of the Disciples, New York, has assumed the debt of the society, amounting to $125,000.

DR. HAMMOND, of New York, at one time Surgeon-General of the Army, is said to have an income of $60,000 a year from his medical practice.

OVER 300,000 Texas cattle have been sent to market from the southwestern part of that State during the Spring and summer of the present year.

A "RANCHERO," near Santa Fee, owns 80,000 head of cattle, which he pastures on 16,000 adjoining acres of land. 100 "vaqueros" and 100 boys take care of them.

THE ordinary man at 50 years, according to a French statistician, has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 of meat, 4,000 of vegetables, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid.

A REDUCTION of 10 per cent. has been made in the salaries of the teachers of Nashville, Tenn. The principal of the boys' High School in San Francisco has had his salary reduced from $4000 to $3000.

CHICAGO young men have organized a club, with a $130,000 club house on Monroe street, opposite the Palmer House. The entrance fee is $200, and yearly dues $80. The membership, now 215, is limited to 350.

CHARLES READE, the English novelist, has recovered $500 damages from the *Glasgow Herald*, for having reprinted part of his novel, "Hero and Martyr," from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which alone, besides an American paper, had the right to publish it.

THE Pine River Valley and Stevens Point Railroad runs from Lone Rock, Wis., to Richland Center, a distance of sixteen and one-fifth miles, on rails made of maple wood, laid on oak ties. Iron rails are used only on curves where there is a good deal of side pressure.

MR. JAMES ASHBURY, M. P., from Brighton, England, is now in America, and may be expected in Philadelphia at an early day. We hope he will remain long enough to witness the International Regatta on the Schuylkill. His princely hospitalities to Americans in Europe will make him welcome to many of the best circles in our country.

NEWS has been received from Cairo that Mr. Gessi, a member of Colonel Gordon's staff, succeeded in circumnavigating the Albert N'yanza, during March and April, in the little thirty-eight ton steamer Khedive. The lake proves to be about one hundred and forty miles in length, and fifty in width, its banks are covered with dense forest, and the southern extremity is very shallow.

A DWARF girl of twelve, only twenty inches high, and weighing only five pounds, has arrived in New York from Mexico. Her name is Lucia Zarate, and her father is Fermin Zarate, of San Carlos, in the State of Vera Cruz. Her parents are of the natural size, but her brother, who died recently at the age of sixteen, was only a little larger than herself.

THE brave General Custer was of foreign birth. He was born in Ispringen, near Pforsheim, in Baden, Germany, and emigrated when a child with his parents, who settled in New Romely, Harrison county, Ohio. Formerly his name was written "Custar," Since his return from a trip to Germany, however, he appears to have written "Custer," his original family name, however, being Kuester.

WASHINGTON dispatches say the receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending with June are thus estimated: From customs $140,027,530; internal revenue, $116,048,507; miscellaneous $23,108,534. Expenditures, $203,138,853. The receipts show a decrease on the estimates from customs of over $10,000,000; internal revenue, of over $4,000,000; and increase of miscellaneous of over $1,000,000. The expenses are considerably over $5,000,000 inside estimate.

HALLET KILBOURNE has entered suit, through his attorneys, against the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, and the members of the Real Estate Pool Committee, claiming $150,000 damages for injuries sustained by reason of imprisonment without cause. The suit is entered in the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, against Michael C. Kerr, John G. Thompson, John M. Glover, J. D. New, B. B. Lewis and A. R. Smith, defendants.

THE immense right arm of the statue of Liberty that is to be erected on Bedloe's Island, was hoisted out of the steamship Labrador recently. It is of bronze, in twenty pieces, the largest being the fore arm. The diameter, at its broadest part, is two metres, over six feet. The arm will be upright, and the hand will hold the beacon, and to this is to be attached a balcony capable of holding eight persons. The freight on the arm from Paris to New York is 2,441 francs. The steamship Amerique and Canada will bring other parts of the statue.

R. C. NEWELL, better known as "Orpheus C. Kerr," is said to be gradually wasting away, his malady taking the form of an unaccountable disinclination to partake of food. In four weeks he has lost thirty pounds of flesh, and though five feet ten inches in height, weighs but 102 pounds. His only nourishment is a cup of coffee daily, or a glass of milk-punch every other day. Neither his physicians nor himself or family can explain the cause of this singular revulsion of appetite, though fully aware of the grave consequences of its continuance.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily News*, says the Turkish report of the outrages in Bulgaria is such a tissue of impudent falsehoods that it calls for the protest of Mr. Baring, of the British legation, and Mr. Schuyler, of the American legation at Constantinople. The Turkish authorities are doing nothing to restrain the Mohammedan population. Armed Turks continue to commit acts of violence daily. Christian inhabitants are robbed if they go outside of their villages; women are assaulted and violated every day. The Turks drive away the cattle and sell them. The suffering of the Christian people is very great, and immediate relief is needed.

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

BY DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

For him who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with Fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair!
For the poor vagrant fool, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widowed parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begged a leafy bed.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.

A BAD MISTAKE.

BY HELEN LUQUER.

"What a choice Arthur has made!" said his sisters to each other the day after the wedding of their brother, and sighed bitterly over what they considered a fatal mistake.

"She is a lovely piece of flesh, but just nothing mentally," said Silvia, the elder, and who was happily mated.

"That is all men ever look at—a pretty face, *versus* brains!" returned Anna, the younger, who was still in the matrimonial market, who lacked both beauty and brains, and who consequently was prepared to throw herself away at the first opportunity.

The Reverend Arthur Mansfield was indeed one of nature's noblemen, rich, talented and handsome. He had married pretty, penniless Olivia Thornton, without proper reflection as to whether she was suited for the position of a pastor's wife, or not, and very soon discovered the words of his sisters to be true—that he had wedded himself to a doll—nothing worse. In the hey-day of their honeymoon he had striven to interest her in literature, finding that she read nothing but the most trashy novels, which she devoured with avidity.

"I hate poetry," said she one day, when her husband had been reading selections from Shakespeare, which he felt certain she would appreciate, "and you always select something particularly wordy and meaningless."

Another time when he was reading with exquisite expression and taste and feeling, that incomparable production, Poe's "Raven," she called his attention to a bit of work she was busied about.

"Never mind the embroidery, Olivia, but tell me which you think the best, 'The Raven' or the 'Fire Fiend'," said he.

"Oh! dear, I don't like either. They are just a string of hard, meaningless words," she returned with a pout, "and how you can puzzle your head over learning such things I can't imagine. Do you know, Arthur, you sometimes make me half repent having married such a book worm, with no appreciation outside of some musty old cover."

The gravity of his face set her to laughing and she bounded to her feet, sending the worsted flying in all directions, while she crept into his arms and began coaxing back his smiles. "What a little wretch I am," she said, pressing her soft rose-pink cheek against his bearded one, "to teaze you so. But, darling, you must not try to make me understand or like these things, for I cannot. You should have chosen my cousin Anestaca Stanton. She is bookish enough, if you wanted a 'blue' for a wife, in place of a kitten as I am."

Her husband laughed at the droll way of putting the case and petted her while he sighed over his disappointment. Poor fellow, he had had the most charming dreams of educating his little wife up to his realm of thought, that they might walk hand in hand therein.

That night he made one more attempt to interest her, thinking, perhaps, he had chosen subjects too profound for her uncultivated tastes. So he repeated Longfellow's "Life's Tablet." She lay passive in his arms while he passed from that to other similar poems, and when he looked down into the apple bloom face to catch the interest he felt sure must be there, lo! she was fast asleep!

The grave shadow which darkened his face fell also upon his heart, as with accents of tenderness he awoke and sent her to bed, as he would a tired child. Then he sat down to face his future and the positive results of his folly. How eagerly he had looked forward to settling down in their pretty little home, when to him would be opened the rich treasures of his wife's mind. What joy for him (as her teacher) to watch the unfolding of her woman's intellect, so subtle in perception, so tender in appreciation. But the fascination, the rich romance was fading out—his almost idolatrous love wounded to the death. Henceforth he must walk alone in that higher life where he had failed to draw his wife. Yet, perhaps, with motherhood would come an arousing of her dormant faculties. At all events she was to him a tender plant, to be cherished and cared for.

Two years later he was called one night from a sermon he was writing to the nursery where wailed their first-born, ill with teething and incompetent care. The mother had gone out to some festive gathering and the nurse found it impossible to quiet the suffering child.

"Ma-ma, ma-ma," cried his baby girl as he took her into his strong arms and walked the floor with her until she was pacified and slept.

Then with a heavy sigh he placed her in the crib, and leaving her to the care of the nurse went down to the solitude of his study and his studies. Disgust, amounting almost to anger, burned within his heart toward the vain, shallow mother, who could go away to scenes of gaiety and leave her sick child to a hireling.

When she returned he sounded to her dressing-room, where she was languidly disrobing, and seriously remonstrated with her. But it ended, as usual, in a burst of angry tears on the part of the wife, with bitter complaints of the hardness of her life, and regrets that she had married a man who thought of nothing but duty. Then she passed into a genuine fit of hysteria, which laid her up for the next day.

A cousin of Olivia's, a sort of dependent upon the family, was at last induced to make their home hers. She was a plain girl of twenty-five, and it was not until Mr. Mansfield had heard her choice language, exquisite intonation that betrayed culture, and noted the intimate grace of manner and gentleness, that he learned to recognize what a pure and noble soul was veiled in the plain casket.

After she was fairly established in the parsonage a new element of order and quietness, which to the care-worn pastor was peace, settled down upon them. Little May found a mother as well as teacher in "dear cousin 'Sticia," as her baby lips had learned to call her. And Olivia most gladly turned both her duties as mother and housekeeper, as well as the interests of the parish, upon her shoulders, with the excuse that she was too delicate and frail for such labors, and which soon passed current in society. So she was left to her own amusements and pastimes, practiced daily upon the piano, because it gave her prestige as a musician, and brought about her a swarm of admirers, who vied with each other in pouring into her willing ears their horrid compliments and false flatteries.

Absorbed in his duties, Arthur Mansfield found but little time to pet and fondle his beautiful young wife, though his heart often poured itself out in supplication that she might be guided into grace and truth, and for strength to bear with her waywardness and imperfections. But he little dreamed that even then she was being led to forsake home, friends, and virtue, making his name a by-word and his child disgraced. But it came and during the terrible calamity cousin Anestaca stood by his side, comforting and consoling, and even excusing her fallen sister.

"I know her to be a woman governed only by impulse, full of caprices and wilfully selfish in all things, but I did not dream she would become a vile outcast," said he in tones of anguish.

"It is useless to reproach," said Anestaca, "you have a high and sacred duty to perform toward that poor, misguided woman, paramount to every other on the earth."

He lifted his pale and haggard face from out of his clenched hands and his eyes questioned her meaning.

"You must seek her, cousin Arthur, and rescue her from a life of sin."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "Oh! is it my duty? What of my congregation? Alas! even there I am a coward, and would rather face death this moment than disgrace before my people."

"You know where to go for strength," she replied, her voice tremulous with feeling and her eyes moist with tears. "My father, though old and no longer fitted for active duties, will come and fill your pulpit during your absence, and time will soften the blow and give you the nerve and courage to face your trials manfully."

"Heaven forever bless you, noblest, kindest of Christian consolers," he answered, lifting his stricken face toward her. "I leave all in your hands, knowing you will be faithful to your trust."

The Reverend Mr. Stanton, the father of Anestaca, who had long retired to the shelter of a married daughter's home, came and filled the place of the disgraced and outraged husband while he started upon what proved a long and fruitless search.

Six months after his departure, he returned chastened and hallowed for his appointed work, and took up his burdens as of old, with no one daring to question of his wanderings or his wife.

But to his cousin he told everything, and to her he even turned for assistance and advice. And when she had spoken of returning with her father to their own home, he begged her in mercy to remain.

"You speak to me of duty," he said, "and yet can find it in your heart to leave this stricken house and my motherless child. Your father must make this home his while he lives, that you may remain our staff and our comfort without reproach to yourself."

And so the months rolled on until five weary years had been gathered into the past since the night when Olivia Mansfield had deserted her home. Then, one day, an old servant of the family, who had married and settled near, came and desired to see Miss Stanton. When Anestaca went down, she seized her hand and said, with the greatest trepidation:

"Oh! Miss 'Staca, yees to come till my place to once; but ye must not be afther tellin' his Riverence, for she's come back, the poor cracther, and wants to see ye all by yoursilf, God bless ye!"

"You cannot mean, Bridget, that Mrs. Mansfield is at your house?"

"Troth an' faith, it's nobody else, thin. An' shure she's a-clean gone most, poor cracther, and I give her me best bed, so I did. And she lies there jist wid her hands clasped an' her big, blue eyes like the stars in the heavins, wide opeu an' starin-loike, and her purty hair loike a drift o' gould all about the pillar, an'—an'—Oh! Miss Stacy, she she jist moans all the toime for yees. Do come till her quick."

Waiting to hear no more, Anestaca hastily equipped herself, and went over with Bridget to her humble abode.

Upon a miserable pallet, in the last stages of consumption, she found the once beautiful Olivia Mansfield, deserted and seeking refuge beneath the roof of one of her old servants, that she might die cared for by some living creature who had loved and honored her in her better days.

When Anestaca knelt by the bedside, in an agony of tears, Olivia lay calm and dry-eyed, and with a smile upon her white lips.

"Do not weep for me," whispered she. "I have long ago exhausted the fountain of tears. Their very source is dry. I sent for you to beg you to convey my dying message to my husband. Tell him my life of pleasure apart from him was very brief, and my story is but a repetition of all those who have forgotten their vows. I can give you no conception of what I have suffered. Deserted and friendless—forced to awful extremities to support existence—then a wasting sickness in some friendly hospital, and at last I have sought this refuge to die. Oh! how I have longed for one word of forgiveness from those so deeply wronged—for the voice of my child and husband—for a glimpse, even in dreams, of my own beautiful home. But it has all passed. I have not an earthly wish now, save the knowledge of my husband's forgiveness."

"Oh! my poor Olivia," sobbed her cousin, "you are freely and fully forgiven."

Then she told of the search of Mr. Mansfield—of his humble and devoted life—of his many prayers for his erring wife. A smile lighted the face of the dying woman, so lined and marked by suffering, as to render her almost beautiful again.

"I knew it," she answered. "Say to him that his prayers have found me when he could not, and that his admonitions and counsels came to me as a sweet remembrance in my darkest hour—that to him, under God, I owe my sincere repentance, and a blessed hope of final salvation. Tell him my sinful life is hidden in Christ."

The dying woman was too much exhausted to say more. She sank back in a kind of lethargy while her cousin dispatched a messenger for the husband. When he came she briefly told him of the presence of his wife, and what she had said—of all she desired to be repeated to him. Then she led him (at his request) to the couch of his once honored and beautiful wife.

The meeting was sad beyond description, but full of peace, and sanctified by a noble forgiveness.

They conveyed Olivia to her old home, and placed her upon the bed in the dear old room, where she lingered a few days, held back from the grave by the voices of loved ones. Then she passed away in the full hope of a redeemed life and happy eternity. And quietly they buried her, and though the circumstances proved a seven days' topic of conversation, yet vulgar curiosity found no opportunity to satiate its thirst by gazing upon the calm and beautiful face of the dead.

In a short year subsequently the Reverend Mr. Stanton was also gathered to his fathers, and when the house was again restored to order after the funeral, Anestaca took occasion to explain to Mr. Mansfield the necessity of her leaving him, and the importance of his having a different head to his household. Lifting his eyes from his book, he regarded her with a flushed face and wistful, tender gaze.

"May and I need you," said he. "You will not leave us!"

She shook her head, but dared not trust her voice.

"Anestaca," resumed he, after a pause, "Will you give me the right to always keep you? Indeed you have so grown into my life that I cannot do without you." As he spoke he laid down his book, stepped over to where she was sitting, and placing his hand gently upon her head, continued: "My love, you are all I have ever conceived of purity and strength. To my broken home you have proved a bulwark of fidelity and wisdom—to my child a true mother—to my desolate heart a dear comforter—to my failing courage strength. And knowing what you are, you will not leave me?"

He placed his hand beneath her delicate chin, and lifted her face so that he might read his answer in her eyes, and they smiled up at him through happy tears.

"Yes," said she, "you may care for me after a time, if you will."

For answer he stooped and kissed her lips, as he replied:

"You may go to your sister for one short month. Then I will come for you." And he kept his word to the letter.

His sisters declare in their private conferences that Anestara Stanton was foreordained for their brother before the foundation of the world, and that his marriage with the silly flirt—his first wife was, as they had declared, most egregious folly and, indeed, "a sad mistake."

AUNT PATTY'S CENTENARY PAPERS.

For days and days we hadn't had no rain, and the spere we enhabit seemed ready tu split and explode tu pieces, and I jest sot from day tu day a movin' of that air fan that Uncle Benezer sent me nigh outn a sentry ago from the Injies, when lo, and behold! there came an onairthly clap of thunder that riz me right outer my cheer, and ses I, "we're all bust up now, fer sartin, and I've lived tu see the milennium a comin" and the next minit Charrie tore in, rally runnin' like a live gal, and Mailie arter her, and ses she: "Aunt Patty, er ye killed?" She's allus lookin' out fer some one else, ye know.

"I'm alive and well," ses I, "but enjoyin' but ruther poor health, fer that thunder gin me a headache, 'twas so sudden; but set down," ses I, "and make yerselves tu hum, and praps, ef ye'll keep me company, I'll tell ye a story."

"Oh!" ses both gals tu oncet, and then says Mailie, ses she, "Aunt Patty, Mr. Jinkins is down stairs, and will ye have the kindness tu let him cum up and hear it?"

"Don't keer ef he does," ses I, fer I was awful lonesome and dreffal tired uv my own company. She did'nt stop tu hear the larst remark, and she soon returned with Jinkins, and he stopped tu the door tu bow and scrape a leetle, but ses I, "come right in 'thout further compulments." And then they sot down, not furder apart than was necessary, and looked ez chipper ez of it didn't rain like sixty agin the winders.

"Now," thinks I tu myself, "what shall I tell 'em on?" and I thort uv them orful witch stories my grandmarm used to feed me with, when I was a child, and though true ez guns, I knew the present gineration would snigger at 'em, fer they prefar tu believe in sperrits a tippin' ur tables, and sech didos, tu rail sensible witches. Ez they warn't available, I turned my 'tention tu the no-headed peddlers thet hed been murdered on lonely roads fer their jimcracks and sech, and though I ar'most seed one myself oncet, which turned out tu be my brother Nickerdemers, with a white sheet rolled outn him.

I knowed they'd think I was a poor diluted creetur, and so I lit outn a parin' bee, at larst.

"We was locetted in Kineecticut afore we come up to Varmount," ses I, "and 'mongst the hard-scrabble apple trees grew bountiful, and apple cuts was the order uv the night. I mind me uv one we 'tended at Jedge Simkins. We went in a ox-cart, a jolly load on us.

"Bill Sykes was the champin parer that night. He'd jest bring his knife round it, in long, quick sweeps a time er tu, and there yer apple was, slick's a mittin. And we all fell tu and quartered and cored, and strung um on tow strings, and there was a buzz and a hum all over the room.

"And there it was, Mandy Malviny, that yer great-grandther fell in love with his futur partner fer life. She was a leetle creetur; ez white ez a woodbine and jest ez tender and clingin'. He was a stranger 'mong us, uv high blood, though we didn't keer a straw fer that, and a manly-lookin' chap arter the old skule. I rimember he managed tu pare an apple 'thout breakin' the peelin' and swung it round his head three times, and there it was, as purtick an 8 ez ever ye seed. Her name was S'manthy, ye know, and that purdicted their merridge.

Josh Hyde he'd been very 'tentive tu her previs tu this, and that night he writ his own epitarf. It run thus:

"Here lies poor Joshua Hyde,
Who uv a broken heart died;
His faithful heart it bust,
And now must turn to dust;
He bid his friends adieu,
And died S'manthy fer you."

'Twas very 'fectin, but he only broke his heart arter the manner uv men, fer he merried Sally Ann Slater, who wus ez long ez a bean pole, and ez yeller ez an East Injin. But I'm ruther gittin' away from my subjick with this 'ere leetle ipisowed, 'thout tellin' ye bout the punkin pie, which was tightened with the eggsack quantity uv milk and eggs, and wus uv the most deliciousf flavor. And I jest wish tu observe that there's one woman still kersistin' caperble uv perducin' that artikil, fresh, luscious, and uv the old-time flaver; and though I says it, ez hadn't orter to say it, that 'foresaid woman is

Yer most obejent sarvent,
AUNT PATTY.

GERTRUDE.

FROM A LADY'S "REMINISCENCES."

Gertrude became blind while so young that when she reached womanhood she possessed no recollection of visible forms. But the benificent laws of compensation rendered her remaining senses doubly active. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. Blessed with affluent friends, who spared no pains in educating her, she was adorned with all the female accomplishments. She was a musician, an author, an elocutionist. As the latter she had but few superiors. Her favorite recitation was Addison's "Immortality of the Soul;" none who ever heard it could forget that shower of eloquence.

Gertrude, indeed, with one exception, possessed all that is essential to happiness. Another such a lovely face I never saw; there was an angelic expression beaming from those clouded orbs, and every lineament was stamped with beauty. With the eye of remembrance I still see her, as once she stood before her window weeping her unfortunate lot. The sun, just then bursting from his curtain of clouds, warmed and illuminated her cheek. She threw back her curls and lo! the tear-drops glittered. She then knelt and praised God for all his mercies. She prayed for the time when she might see the beauties of the better land, and bask in the fields of uncreated light. The sinless girl arose with an air of resignation, and sitting down before her piano played one of those sweet melodies so soothing to the soul of the weary.

Before that year was past a skilful oculist removed the white films from her eyes, leaving her in a darkened chamber with instructions for a gradual admission of light. Her heart now beat high with hope. She soon distinguished objects in the room. But when she first beheld her father, mother and sister, her joy was without bonds; what love, happiness and gratitude!

When her eyes grew stronger it was my delightful task to lead her to the window to view for the first time the works of Nature. It was a beautiful morning, the trees were white with blossoms; the landscape was one of uncommon beauty. In the valley, flowing in majesty, was the river, and yonder was the mountain with its crown of clouds now illuminated by the rising sun. I raised the curtain, and as her eyes glanced over I shall never forget that wild scream of joy. She had never before so fully appreciated the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed.

On the evening of the same day she was allowed to view the starry heavens. She continued gazing with wonder. Her feelings were indescribable—she spoke not. The literal fact exceeded the highest flight of her imagination. At last, falling in nervous spasms, she was carried to her couch perfectly overcome with the splendor of the scene. When she recovered, she said, "The reality surpasses my brightest, wildest, and loveliest dream." And again she repeated, "He marked out their paths with His finger,"

But Gertrude was too pure for this world. She lived only five years after this event. When about to "pass over," not a doubt dimmed her faith. The thread was gently severed, and she was free.

WATERING-PLACE WAIFS.

WHITE MOUNTAIN hotels ask $4.50 per day.

THE John Bull element is large at Saratoga.

SARATOGA'S Grand Union has 1,250 guests.

THE mercury averages 90 in the shade at Saratoga.

THE fashionable color is blue. Everybody is blue.

HOTEL servants at Narragansett are in excess of guests.

MAXIMILIAN'S niece is an acknowledged belle at Saratoga.

SIX weeks more, and fashionables will be coming home again.

NEWPORT'S sprinkling-carts are genuine four-in-hand turnouts.

T. B. ALDRICH, the poet, is summering in "Ponkapog," Mass.

BOSTON ladies at Swampscott have bathing dresses trimmed with lace.

LAWN dresses are the agony at summer resorts. A sensible agony for once.

SARATOGA is a grand exposition of millinery. Only this and nothing more.

THE juveniles dance at the Long Branch hotels every morning from 10 to 11.

THE landlord waits patiently. He says they will begin to come after awhile.

REV. WILLIAM A. BARTLETT, Chicago's famous preacher, is summering in Saratoga.

THE *Tribune* argues that Chicago is a good summer resort. The fact needs no argument.

GENERAL JOE HOOKER and General Clinton Fisk are the guests of Mr. Spinney, at Martha's Vineyard.

ECONOMICAL summer resorts are better patronized than those whose prices correspond with the mercury.

THESE moonlight nights are magnificent at the seaside, and conducive to sentiment of the Romeo and Juliet kind.

ALL the nurses and housemaids at West Point are desperately in love with the drum-major, who is an imposing individual.

OCTOBER is one of the most delightful months of the year in the country And yet we are all "at home" by that time.

PROPRIETORS of farm houses in the vicinity of watering-places are doing better than hotel keepers. Hard times, you know.

THE best summer-hotel business this year is done at Long Branch. The fashionables who gather at Newport live in cottages.

THERE is a lady at the Clarendon, Saratoga, who has with her jewels to the value of $200,000. She carries a small burglar-proof safe with her.

LADIES are wearing tiny bows of ribbon for earrings now, and we are told that it is the very latest Paris fashion. The effect is odd, and, of course, the fashion will rage.

OVERDRESSED children at Saratoga elicit the sympathy of all sensible people. A girl five years old, with overskirt, point lace flounces and diamonds, looks anything but pretty.

THE price of table wines at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, has been greatly reduced. People do not drink wines at the table now when the proprietor of the hotel charges one hundred per cent. advance on the cost.

BREAKFAST at seaside hotels is varied in this way: Beefsteak, fish, mutton chops, fried potatoes and eggs, eggs, potatoes, chops, fish and beefsteak. And we all like that particular hotel because they "keep such a splendid table."

DAME FASHION has a carnival at Saratoga, where elaborate and extravagant dressing prevails. There has not been such an exhibition of finery since the early days of the war, when men made money rapidly selling caps and coats to the government.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Virginia, have been doing a splendid business. The arrivals average from 40 to 70 guests per day. The whole number since August 1st was 700, and of these the largest percentage are from the South. The flirting reputation of the place is well sustained this season.

A GRAND subscription ball was given at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, Thursday night, in aid of the Custer monument fund. The ball room was filled with guests of the hotel and visitors from the surrounding country. The net proceeds of the ball amounted to $250.50. A similar ball took place on Friday night for the benefit of the Lee monument fund.

ALANSON F. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 927 and 929 Chestnut street,
Philadelphia.

A SUMMER SONG.

BY J. RUIE.

When leaves are green and flowers are gay
Along the summer valleys,
And wooded arches roof the way
Through country lanes and alleys—

When brooklets glimmer 'twixt the light
And shade of drooping willows,
And fronded ferns bend, slim and slight,
To kiss the minnie billows—

When lambs upon the uplands play,
Where sunbeams chase the shadows,
And kine are lowing far away
Across the breezy meadows—

When rock-doves hold a happy time
Deep down the echoing dingle,
And wind-borne songs in drowsy chime
With tinkling waters mingle—

When all the sounds are happy sounds,
And sight is blest in seeing;
When peace and rest go pleasant rounds,
And life is blest in being—

Then let me walk the happy thing
Of happy scenes and voices,
And leave my heart in peace to sing
Its joy, when all rejoices.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WAS HER THERE SUCH A SACRIFICE?"

Judith stared at her brother in dumb amazement. Against such infatuation as this the voice of reason was powerless. It almost tempted her to believe in witchcraft—a superstition by no means extinct in this Western world. Judith had put the thought behind her hitherto, as a delusion of the dark ages unworthy of a strong-minded woman. But here, surely, was a case of demoniac possession—an example of something more foolish than mortal folly.

"But as for him," continued Joshua, with clenched fist, "for the tempter—the would-be seducer—he shall never cross this threshold again; and let him beware how he crosses my path, lest I should slay him in my righteous rage, as Moses slew the Egyptian."

"And Naomi's engagement?" suggested Judith, timidly. There was a power in her brother's look which awed her.

"Naomi's engagement is cancelled from this hour. My daughter shall marry no double-dealer—swearing to be true to her at God's altar with lips that are defiled by the avowal of love for another man's wife. My daughter shall go unmarried to her grave rather than be the wife of such a man, were his place the highest in the land."

"It was a very grand match for her," said Judith, with a propitiating air; "but for my part I never saw happiness come from an unequal marriage, and I've seen many such in my time. But I'm afraid Naomi will take it to heart."

"Poor child!" sighed the father. "Is it my sin that I have brought this sorrow upon her? How could I know that her lover would prove so base? Poor child! She must bear her burden—she must carry her cross."

He was deadly pale; and, now that the angry light had gone out of his eyes, his face had a faded look, as if the anguish of many years had aged him within the last half hour.

"I can't but remember what Jabez Long said the day the "Dolphin" went down: 'No good ever came of saving a drowning man; he's bound to do you wrong afterwards.' It's come true, you see," said Judith.

"Do you think I believe that heathen superstition any more because Oswald Pentreath has proved a villain? I thought you had more sense, Judith."

"Well, I don't say I believe it; but, to say the least, it's curious. However, I never did think much of young Mr. Pentreath, or of the stock he comes from. But it seems hard upon Naomi. Shall you tell her the reason?"

"Tell her that a villain has insulted my wife! No, Judith. My daughter will obey me, though I bid her sacrifice her heart's desire; as Jephtah's daughter obeyed when she laid down her life in fulfilment of her father's promise."

"Ah," sighed Judith, with suppressed gusto, "it's a world of trouble."

She felt more in her element now that things were going wrong, and that she was at the helm once more, in a manner. Her little world had been given over to two girls, and she had felt herself, in her own language, a cipher.

It was hardly in Joshua's nature to be slow to act, however painful the business which duty imposed upon him. On that very evening he found Naomi alone in the wilderness, on her knees before a craggy bank, planting some wild flowers which she had discovered in her afternoon rambles.

She looked up from her clustering ferns and humble way-side blossoms with a smile as her father approached; but the troubled expression of his face alarmed her, and she rose quickly and came to him.

"Dear father, is anything wrong?"

She had not seen him since his interview with Judith, and that aged and altered look in his face, which had struck the sister, alarmed the daughter.

"Yes, my dear, there is something very wrong. Providence bids me inflict pain upon one I fondly love—upon you, my Naomi."

He drew her towards him, looking down at her with tender pity. It seemed very hard that she should suffer—that this young life was so soon to be clouded.

"Dear father! what has happened?" cried Naomi, tremulous in her agitation. "It is about Oswald. The evening post has just come—you have had a letter—is he ill? Yes, yes, I can see that it is about him."

"He is well enough, my love; I have heard nothing to the contrary. I am very sorry that he is so dear to you."

"Why, dear father?"

"Because I have learned lately that he is unworthy of your affection; and I must desire you, as you are my true and obedient daughter, to give up all thought of marrying him."

The girl's face blanched, her eyelids closed for a moment, and the slender figure swayed against Joshua's arm as if it would have fallen. But only for a moment; Naomi was not made of feeble stuff, nor prone to fainting. She lifted her eyelids, and looked at her father steadily, holding his arm with fingers that tightened upon it almost convulsively in that moment of pain.

"What have you heard against him, father, and from whom?" she asked resolutely. "You are bound to tell me that, in common justice. It is my duty to obey you, but not blindly. I am not a child—I can bear to know the worst. What has he done, my love, my dearest—too gentle to hurt a worm—what evil thing has he done, that *you* should turn against him?"

"That I cannot tell you, Naomi; and in this matter you must obey me blindly as a child. He has sinned; and his sin proves him alike false and feeble—a broken reed—a man not to be relied on—unworthy of a woman's trust. Naomi, believe me, your father, who never deceived you, that if I inflict pain upon you to-day, in forbidding this marriage, I spare you ten-thousand-fold of misery in days to come. It is not possible that you could be happy as Oswald's wife!"

"Let me be the judge of that. It is my venture—it is my happiness that is at stake. Let me be the judge. What is his sin?"

"Again I say I cannot tell you. You must trust me and obey me, Naomi, or you cease to be my daughter. Oswald Pentreath will never cross my threshold again with my sanction. I shall never more speak to him in friendship."

"Father, is this Christian-like?"

"It is my duty to myself as a man."

"How has he offended you?"

"By his sin."

"But he has not sinned against me," said Naomi piteously. "Why am I to renounce him?"

"He has sinned against you and against God."

"If he has sinned, he has so much the more need of my love. Am I to forsake him in his sorrow—I, who would die for him?"

"He does not need your love, Naomi, or desire it. It is for the happiness of both that you should be parted."

"For his happiness?" faltered Naomi, with a look of acute pain.

It was as if all her vague doubts of the past few months were suddenly condensed into a horrible certainty.

"Do you mean that Oswald has ceased to love me?"

"Yes, Naomi. At the beginning I was doubtful of his stability. I feared that his was a character in which impressions are quick to come and go. I stipulated for delay, in order that your lover's constancy might be tested. The event has proved my doubts but too well grounded."

"I offered to release him only a little while ago,' said Naomi, 'and he would not be set free. He assured me of his unchanging love."

"He was a liar!" cried Joshua fiercely; and his daughter recoiled before the fury in that dark face. Never had she seen such anger there till to-day—never had she believed him capable of such passion. The revelation shocked her; the father whom she so tenderly loved was degraded in her eyes by this un-Christian-like resentment.

"Why are you so angry, father?" she asked, pleadingly.

"Because I hate falsehood—treachery—double-dealing—a fair face and a foul heart. I can say no more, Naomi. I have said enough to warn you; it is for you to accept or reject my warning. Marry Oswald Pentreath if you choose; but remember that from the hour of your marriage you cease to be my daughter. I will never acknowledge that man as my son. I will never acknowledge that man's wife as my flesh and blood. It is for you to choose between us."

"Father, you know I have no choice; you know that you are first—have always held the first place in my heart. There is no one else whose love I could weigh against yours—not even Oswald, though I love him dearly, must love him to the end, love him all the more for his weakness—for his sorrow. I am your true and loyal daughter, dearest; and I give you up my heart, as I would give up my life—yes, dear father, freely, gladly, for your sake."

"That's my own brave Naomi. It is for your own welfare, believe me, dearest, however hard the trial may be to bear just now. The man is not true; there could be no happiness for you with him."

"Do not say anything more against him, father," pleaded Naomi, gently. "I give him up; but let me honor him as much as I can—let him hold a single place in my thoughts. It is easier to bear the pain of parting from him if I can keep his image in my heart undefiled."

"I will say no more, Naomi. You will write to him, and tell him your engagement is ended, at my desire. A few decided words will say all that is needful. His own heart will tell him the reason. I do not think he will question or plead against your decision."

"I will write, father."

Joshua folded her in his arms, and kissed the pale sad brow, drawn with pain.

"May God bless and comfort you, dearest, and give you joy in this sacrifice," he said solemnly. "On my honor, as your father and your pastor, it is for the best."

And so he left her, standing in her desolated wilderness, from which the beauty had gone forth forever. Her ferns and hedge-row blossoms smiled at her in the rosy evening light—feathery mosses, trailing periwinkle, opalescent dog-roses, steeped in golden glory; purple fox-gloves towering from a sea of fern—all the sweet wild things she had gathered together looked at her, and gave her no comfort in this hour of bitter agony. She cast herself, face downward, on the grassy path, and gave herself up, body and soul, to despair.

Yes, she had known it, long ago; he loved her no more. She had tried to put away the thought. She had made her direct appeal to him, and been reassured by his loving reply. But the aching pain had lingered at the bottom of her heart. She had not been happy.

Better so—better, as her father said to renounce him altogether—to give him back his freedom—than to let him chain himself in a loveless wedlock. Better anything than the humiliation of an unloved wife.

But this sin which her father spoke of with such deep resentment—this offence which had kindled such unseemly anger in a Christian's breast: what was this deadly and desperate error? Herein lay the bitterest trial of all—to be kept in the dark, not to be able to comfort or succor the sinner.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE DEEP OF NIGHT IS CREPT UPON OUR TALK."

Joshua proved a true prophet in so far as related to Oswald Pentreath's line of conduct on receipt of his betrothed's letter. To Naomi's sad epistle, renouncing all claim upon him at her father's desire, he answered briefly:

Your letter has taken me by surprise, dearest; but harsh and sudden as your decision seems, I acquiesce. I know not how your father may have arrived at his estimate of my character, or what has influenced him to desire that our engagement shall be cancelled; but I am willing to abide his sentence. He may be right, perhaps. I am by nature unstable. I am not worthy of so noble a heart as yours. Yet be assured, Naomi, that, although unworthy, I am at least capable of appreciating and admiring your character as well as a better man. To the end of my life I shall honor and esteem you. To the end of my life I shall deem you the purest and noblest of women, and think those days of my life happiest in which I loved you best, and when there was no shadow of mistrust between us.

God bless you, dearest, and farewell! It may be long before I revisit Coomb-hollow—and this may be a life-long farewell.

Your friend, your servant always,

OSWALD PENTREATH.

"He is grateful to me for letting him go," thought Naomi, with a touch of bitterness. She could read gratitude for his release between the lines of this letter. It confirmed all her sad doubts.

"He might have spared me much pain if he had been more candid," she told herself—"if he had confessed the truth that day I told him of the change I had seen in him."

She opened the drawer where her wedding dress lay on the day she received this final letter—the last she could ever expect from Oswald Pentreath. She looked at the pale silken gown with such sorrowful eyes as look upon a corpse. Was it not the dead corpse of her lost happiness which lay there, with sprigs of rosemary among the folds of its shroud?

"Poor wedding-gown!" she said to herself; "I shall give it to Lucy Simmonds. Why should it lie and fade in a drawer when it would make her happy? Would it be any comfort to me to look at it in years to come, and remember that I was once young, and very happy, fancying myself beloved?"

Lucy Simmonds had been Naomi's favorite pupil in the Sunday school of Little Bethel—an intelligent biblical student, who knew "Kings" and "Chronicles" as well as a bishop, and had never been known to confound the miracles of Elijah and Elisha. She had blossomed into womanhood, and was about to unite her fate with that of a promising young butcher—a staunch member of Joshua's congregation.

Naomi folded the dress carefully, and packed it in a large sheet of white paper. The skirts of those days were scanty, and the silk dress did not make a large parcel. She wrote a loving letter to her old pupil, and sent the parcel to the widow Simmonds's house that afternoon. The dress might be too good for Lucy's present station, but not for her future position as the wife of an aspiring butcher. The young matron would wear that pretty grey silk at friendly tea-parties and Christmas gatherings for years to come, and would think affectionately of the donor. It seemed a small thing, this giving away of her wedding-gown, but to Naomi it meant the total surrender of hope. There was nothing left for her in life but duty, and her love for her father.

She bore her cross meekly. None could have told how withering a sorrow had passed over her young life. There was a curious compound of pride and humbleness in her nature. She accepted her lot humbly, as a trial which was but her portion of humanity's common burden; but she was too proud to let others see how deeply she had been wounded. She put on a brave front, and her father gave her credit for stoicism, in no wise suspecting that the weight of her secret grief was almost intolerable.

Very little was said in the small household about this change in Naomi's fortunes. The cancelment of her engagement was accepted as an act of Joshua's. He had forbidden the marriage for some good reason of his own. No one dared ask him why—his wife least of all. She could not have spoken Oswald's name to him. Her heart was full of fear, sorrow, and deepest pity for Naomi. Yet she dared not offer her sympathy. There was a look in Naomi's face that forbade all approach—every offer of love. Cynthia felt that there was a gulf between them. Naomi tacitly avoided her. She was not unkind, but she shrank from all companionship with her father's wife; and henceforward Cynthia's life became very lonely. Her husband's hours were closely occupied and spent for the most part away from her. Naomi lived her own life as much as possible apart from her step-mother, and Judith was harsh and unfriendly. Jim was always Cynthia's friend and champion; but his busy life did not admit of much companionship. The small household met at meals at the same hours, with the same regulations and ceremonies; but these family assemblies were silent and gloomy.

"Our dinner time is getting uncommonly like a quaker's meeting," observed the audacious Jim at one of these dreary gatherings; "I wish the spirit would move some of us to be lively."

"When you've as much trouble on your mind as your father has, you won't be quite so active with your tongue," retorted Aunt Judith.

The work at the Grange had undergone a sudden check. Oswald had written peremptory orders to his architect. The contract was to be carried out only so far as concerned the substantial repairs of the house. There was to be no rotunda, and the end of the drawing-room was to be walled up again.

"I am going abroad," he wrote; "make as good a job as you can of the place, and write to me at the subjoined address for cheques as you want them."

The subjoined address was that of a London solicitor, a man who had done business for the old Squire occasionally.

The architect wondered and talked; and before many days everybody in Combhollow knew that Mr. Pentreath's engagement to Joshua Haggard's daughter was broken off. There was a great deal of talk, and much discussion and disputation about details, but a wonderful unanimity of opinion. The match would have been most unsuitable. Naomi Haggard was much too serious for a Squire's lady. The Grange could never have held up its head properly under such a mistress; and a glass rotunda would have been absurdly out of keeping. "He ought to marry Mr. Pinkley's only daughter," said Combhollow, deciding for him off hand. "There's only an accommodation road between Pinkley's land and his."

The builders finished their work; the end of the long drawing-room was walled up again; and there was no more talk of palms, or fountains, or an Italian garden. The Grange resumed its air of gloom and emptiness, and looked almost as dismal as in the life-time of the old Squire.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE REVELATION.

So the summer ripened and grew more glorious, bringing no delight of heart to the minister's small household. The colors of the sea took a more vivid lustre from the fulness of the sun, like jewels in an Indian temple shining in the glare of many torches. There came over the land the sultry hush of the days before harvest. Very little doing in those rich fields, where the corn was gently stirred by the hot south wind, like the waves of a golden sea; very little doing in the big farmyards, where the cattle stood knee-deep in the tawny gorse-litter, and contemplated the outer world listlessly, with dreamy brown eyes, and a general air of benevolence—stillness and repose on all things. Cynthia Haggard looked at this lovely external universe languidly, with eyes that saw its beauty dimly, as in a dream in which one absorbing sense of overwhelming trouble makes all things faint and blurred. Her husband had spoken no unkind word to her since that scene with Oswald; yet she felt that he was estranged. He read more: he shut himself up in his own thoughts, gave himself up more completely to his contemplative and subjective religion, and that religion seemed to take a more gloomy and inexorable character. In his sermons he dwelt less on the divine love and charity, and harped on a harsher string—the doom of sinners destined to perdition—wretches on whom the divine light had never shone, for whom that all-saving faith, which could lift the sinner out of the mire by one upward impulse of an awakened soul, was a dead letter.

Cynthia shuddered as she listened. Was Oswald Pentreath one of these lost spirits?

She could see that her husband was unhappy; yet she had no power to comfort him. That weighed upon her heavily. She dared not complain to him of this disunion, lest she should be drawn into a confession of her sinful weakness, and constrained to admit her guilty love for the sinner. She could not have stood up before that righteous man, and spoken falsely.

He never questioned her about Oswald Pentreath; yet she felt that there must be some strong suspicion of evil in his mind, and at the root of his arbitrary conduct in cancelling his daughter's engagement. It never occurred to her that Oswald's wild talk that afternoon had been overheard, and told to Joshua. She looked upon his knowledge rather as the result of some occult power of his own. His wisdom had penetrated the guilty secret.

One night, a little while after Naomi had given up her lover, Joshua came up to his bed-chamber somewhat later than usual. He had stayed in the parlor after supper, writing or reading. Cynthia was lying awake, full of sad thoughts, vague forebodings of evil, aching pity for that weak sinner wandering she knew not where. Joshua walked up and down the room in silence for some minutes, and then stopped suddenly beside the bed, and looked down at the small pale face on the pillow, the sad blue eyes glancing up at him timidly, deprecating blame.

"I am glad you are not asleep," he said; "I want that book"—"The Sorrows of Werther." "I have been thinking of what my sister said about it. I want to judge for myself. I looked at it too hurriedly last time. I want to see what kind of book it was that made you unhappy."

"You can't read it to-night, Joshua, surely. It's so late, and you must be tired."

"I am tired, but not able to sleep. I would rather read than lie awake. My thoughts have been a burden to me of late. There was a time when my wakeful hours were full of sweetness, when I could lose myself in communion with my Redeemer. That time is past. Human trouble has made a wall between this poor clay and the spirit world."

This was a reproach which smote the erring wife to the heart.

"Joshua, it is my fault," she faltered; "you were happier before you married me."

"Happier!" he cried bitterly; "I never knew the extremes of human joy or human pain till I knew you. Well, the pain has been immeasurable as the joy. If I erred, I have paid the penalty. Give me that book, Cynthia!"

Cynthia rose without another word, went to the drawer where she had hidden that fatal romance of real life, and brought the book to her husband with a meek obedience that moved him deeply. Even in his doubt and distrust of her—for he did doubt her, despite his brave words to Judith—there was an abiding love for her in his soul—a yearning to take her to his heart and forgive her, and comfort her, and offer her deeper love than was ever given to woman—the wide, strong love of a heart that had only awakened to passion in the maturity of its force and power. Could the love of youth, in all its glow of romance and poetry, be in any wise equal to this?

Cynthia put the book into his hand, and then remonstrated gently against the folly of midnight studies. "Read it to-morrow, dear Joshua. You look tired and ill. Hark! it is striking eleven."

"Go to bed and sleep," he said sternly; "I cannot. I want to read the book that melted you—and Oswald Pentreath. I wonder whether it will move me to tears."

He set the candle on the old mahogany escritoire at which he wrote sometimes, and seated himself in the wide horsehair-covered arm-chair, edged with brass nails, like an old-fashioned coffin. He opened the book with a resolute air, as a man who meant to plod through it, whatever stuff it might be. He read, and read on with an intent face, turning leaf after leaf at measured intervals; Cynthia lying with her face turned towards that gloomy figure, watching him as if he were reading in the book of doom. To her mind that book held the confession of Oswald's weakness and of hers. Joshua would know all when he had read that. Had it been an acknowledgment of sin written with her own hand, signed and attested, she could not have thought it more complete or final.

He read deep into the night, Cynthia dozing a little now and then, but for the most part watching him. The small hours struck, one after another, on the solemn old church bell; a faint chilliness crept into the summer air; then slowly, softly, mysteriously, like a dream came the gray dawn; first with a glimmer at the window, then with a broad cold light that filled the room and made the flame of the candle pale and ghost-like; then with gleams of saffron and rose, and dim morning sunbeams like an infant's vague sweet smile. Still Joshua sat reading, in the same fixed attitude; reading on with indomitable resolve, bent on knowing the utmost and the worst. For him, too, the book was a confession and a revelation. Werther was Oswald Pentreath; Charlotte was Cynthia; and they loved each other; their young hearts yearned to each other, overflowing with tenderest sympathies, with unspeakable affection; and fate, duty, religion, and honor, stood between them in the person of the unloved husband, separating them forever.

The room was flooded with sunlight when he closed the book, with one long sigh. He could not refuse the sinner that one expression of pity—so lost, so given over to an unconquerable passion, and yet with so much in him that was gentle, and true, and worthy.

Cynthia had fallen asleep at last. Joshua looked down at the sweet face on the pillow, full of compassion, pitying her, pitying himself. "Those two lived happily together when Werther was dead," he said to himself, thinking of Albert and Charlotte; "but then Albert did not know that his wife's heart had gone from him."

He washed and dressed himself, and went down to his daily round of labor, and said no word to Cynthia about the fatal book.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

IF any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable that he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunities. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labor. It is the struggle against difficulty that brings faculties into play.

MY FLIRTATION.

BY A MARRIED WOMAN.

I had plenty of beaux when I was young, and liked that very well. However, I had heart enough at bottom, and when Steven Lashley asked me to marry him, in the end I consented, though I kept him in suspense a long time first.

Neither Steve nor I was rich. My father had a sufficient income to keep his family in a good style of living; but he saved nothing and I could expect nothing from him when I married. Steve had just begun to practice medicine, and was struggling on as young doctors must. There was a pretty house just outside the town, that Steve and I had our eyes on for a long time, and I had promised to be his wife as soon as he could call it his own.

By dint of such struggling and economy as I could never have guessed, he had put by enough for the first payment, and was plodding patiently on towards the second and last.

I can see now what a selfish creature I was, what a wretch, indeed, to please myself with the flatteries of others, while Steve was working so faithfully for me.

That sounds as though I wasn't going to marry Steve for love, but I was. Our town was something of a fashionable resort in the summer; and many of the people were in the habit of taking boarders then. Father had always objected to our doing so; but this summer of which I speak he fell in with a stranger, as he was returning from a long ride in the country, who, having shared his phaeton with him during the homeward drive, succeeded in so ingratiating himself with my father that he allowed him to board with us.

The stranger was very much in my line—distinguished-looking, possessing an eloquent pair of eyes nearly the color of my own, and having a propensity for saying "pretty things," that was just delicious to a girl of my turn. It was such fun to draw him out, and then laugh at him; to pretend pleasure, then shyness; to invite and repulse in the same breath. It was a genuine flirtation, as much so to him as to me.

Steve came often to see me, but he did not see me alone, and he never stayed late.

Steve's sister Marian and I were intimate, and spent much time together. Poor Steve enjoyed my visits to Marian better than he did seeing me anywhere else, and I liked it too, as much because of seeing him as Marian. It was then a miserable piece of heartlessness for me to permit Mr. Fordyce, the "stranger," to accompany me thither, thus parading, as it were, my conquest, and the accomplishments and attractions of Steve's new rival, in the most disagreeable manner possible.

Steve was good-natured, and kept his disappointment to himself; but he did not like Mr. Fordyce, and he was quite alone in that. Everybody but Steve liked Mr. Fordyce. He was an immensely popular man in our small community, entering as he did with such genuine zest into all our interests, and bearing himself genially towards all.

When Parson Hammond, who lived nearest to us, lost a valuable horse from his stable, and came over to our house to consult about pursuing the thief, Mr. Fordyce, though he had just got home from a jaunt with some friends, which had kept him the most of the night, insisted upon being one of the pursuing party, and, indeed, quite led it. It was the same way when Mr. Dudevant's shop was broken open and robbed. Mr. Fordyce went over and over the ground, and gave shrewder guesses as to how the robberry had been managed than any one else. When other thefts of a similar nature, and also of lesser degree, continued to vex and puzzle us from time to time, it was Mr. Fordyce who insisted upon severe measures, prevailed upon the authorities to offer large rewards for the apprehension of the offenders, and made himself so active in the matter as to win the gratitude of the whole town.

He often joined our social gatherings, and became the life of them. I was quite envied in having his escort so frequently, and the rumor very soon circulated that we were engaged.

Steve and I had some words on the subject several times; and because it was so unusual for him to insist in such a matter, I resented it when he did; and the more I suspected myself to be in the wrong, the more was I resolved I would not own it.

I detected Steve's dislike of Mr. Fordyce, and taxed him with it. Steve denied nothing, but he only shook his head and looked gravely at me when I praised him. He never said worse about Mr. Fordyce than that he did not believe in him. He objected to my intimacy with him on rather general grounds, and I answered in such an ill-tempered manner that Steve, not being ice, but flint, struck fire and retorted angrily for the first time in all our acquaintance. The result was, a serious coldness. Steve apologized for *his* part of it the next day, but I listened coolly and retained my anger.

I flirted with Mr. Fordyce more desperately than ever after that, but the affair really had lost all its relish to me. I went recklessly on, however, in my foolish course, till Mr. Fordyce in so many words asked me to marry him. I don't know what it was about the man that all at once struck me as insincere. I *knew* that he did not mean what he said; and yet he wore a very lover-like air, and would have clasped and kissed me, if I had not shrunk swiftly away from him.

I answered him, however, as though he had spoken sincerely, and told him what I did not often acknowledge, that I was engaged to Steve Lashley. No man likes to hear "No" from a woman's lips, even when his petition is an idle one. For the first time, I saw Mr. Fordyce's face distorted with a sneer of mingled anger and dislike; and I knew that my poor Steve's strange feeling towards Mr. Fordyce was reciprocated by that gentleman with at least equal intensity.

One night there was a party at Steve's father's. It was Marian's birthday. Mr. Fordyce took me over about eight o'clock. It was a gay party. We had dancing, which we did not always, and the music and supper were good. I danced with Steve several times, and being in fine spirits, found it rather difficult to maintain the distance I had lately adopted towards him. His eyes, too, had such a soft, tender light in them, his lips such brightness.

"Come into the garden a minute, Bell," he whispered to me at the close of a dance; "I have something to tell you"—and for the life of me I could not say no.

When we were in the bright moonlit garden, he stopped where a clump of lilac-bushes hid us from the house, and drew from his bosom a roll of notes.

"I shall finish paying for our house to-morrow, dear," he said, in a voice that exceeding happiness made tremulous. "I drew the money from the bank to-day, twenty-five hundred dollars. Ah, how I have worked for this hour!"

I should have been harder than a mill-stone if I had not forgotten all my foolish anger at that moment, if I had not melted rather from my coldness; for I was as glad as he was, and I dropped my head on his shoulder there in the moonlight, and cried happy, happy remorseful tears.

"Steve," I said, "you shall let me keep the money for you till morning. I shall think I have dreamed if you don't.

Steve laughed, but he let me have my way. Ah, what a foolish whim it was! Few would have dared to take charge of such a sum of money; and fewer men would have permitted them. But Steve knew it was safe, according to all common calculation, with me as with himself.

As we turned toward the house, for a single instant I thought I saw the shadow of a man across our path; but looking back, I saw nothing but the lilac-bushes tossing in the summer air.

"What is the matter?" said Steve, noticing my backward gaze.

"I thought I saw the figure of a man crossing the path," I replied.

"Nonsense!" said he; and we went indoors.

Well, Steve and I were the happiest pair there that night; and Mr. Fordyce saw, and could not quite keep his eyes from saying, that he hated us both for it, or I fancied so.

The party broke up about twelve o'clock; *that* was late for *us*, and Mr. Fordyce having brought me there, took me home. On the way, he told me of another robbery that had taken place the night before at one of the hotels. A person had been robbed of five hundred dollars, which he had just received at the bank. Perhaps it was this story that made me, tired as I was, bestow some thought on a hiding-place for Steve's money. I pondered the matter very seriously while I took down my hair and arranged it for the night; and then, with a laugh at my own ingenuity, I tucked the roll of notes in among my luxuriant tresses, and drew a net over, to hold all in place. I was asleep almost the instant my head touched the pillow.

I ought to have slept soundly, and dreamed happy dreams; but I did not. Some counter influence seemed to ruffle my slumbers, and I awoke.

Some one was in the room. I knew it as well as though I could see, and the room was too dark for that. There was no sound either; but, for all that, I knew I was not alone. I tried to scream, to raise my voice. I could not make a sound. I was frozen with terror. I never thought once of the money or robbers, nor anything, that I know of. I was only terribly frightened; so that I could not move hand or foot, or make a noise. I don't know but I stopped breathing. I can remember yet how cold I felt, though the night was a warm one.

Suddenly, without the warning of a breath, I was conscious that a hand was creeping stealthily about my pillow.

I did not think of the money even then. As terror had stolen my senses, so now it brought some of them back. I gave one scream, and sprang from the bed, or tried to. Two strong hands stopped me; a firm hand held me, while the other hand vainly sought to loose my hair. The *net*, more obstinate than nets usually are, *would not come off*, probably because, in his hurry, my mysterious assailant was unconscious of its pliant meshes. He pulled my hair, in his awkward attempts, horribly. The mere pain was like a spur to me. As his arm lay across my arms, I bent my head swiftly, and fastened my teeth upon it with a vicious snap that only a woman in my situation would have been capable of.

The unexpectedness of the attack dissolved my bonds. With an audible oath, he let me go, and I darted away with winged feet, and met father in the passage. Of course I fainted then and there; and by the time anybody got into my room my robber had made good his escape.

Alas, however, he should not have allowed himself to swear, above all, at a woman, and still less at a woman with such acute ears as I had. I had heard the voice, and I knew it belonged to Mr. Fordyce.

Father fairly turned pale when I told him; but he cautioned me not to betray that I suspected anything at present, and he took Steve's money under his special charge. We all met again at breakfast. I should have said that Mr. Fordyce had made his appearance about the same time as the rest of the family whom my screams had roused, and in the most natural manner. He came down to breakfast now, smiling, and just interested enough in my adventure.

Father went away into town after breakfast, and Mr. Fordyce sat in the garden and smoked. The officers who came to arrest him stole upon him from the back way, and secured him before he thought of resistance.

It was a plain case. They found proofs enough of the robberies he had been at the bottom of all along, hid away in his trunks and he owned them at last, with smiling *nonchalance*; turning back his sleeve actually, when no one was looking, and showing me the blue prints of my teeth on his white arm, and kissing them with the old gallant *empressement*.

Of course Steve made his payment, and we were married at an early day.

THE COUNTRY.

It is in the country that the soul expands and grows great. The town developes, cultivates, and amplifies all the senses, but its tendency is to contract that incomprehensible impulse of being we call soul. Out where the rugged hills point heavenward with ten thousand sturdy evergreen figures; where stand the woods in royal majesty; where the brooks dance along and clasp hands with the rivers, and the rivers sweep on with unimpeded flow to the bosom of the sea; where the rocks rise like brawny giants, their nakedness covered with mosses, and drink in the sunshine and the rain proudly, disdaining to show how the elements caress them slowly into dust; where the birds sing their most jubilant songs, and the wild flowers wear their brightest hues; where the bees hum in lazy content from honey cup to honey cup; where nature rules supreme and man becomes a pigmy—there the true soul, unabashed and undismayed, aspires to compass all the profound mysteries of creation and reads eloquent lessons in everything. Where villages dot the hill-sides and nestle in the valleys; where the throbbing clangor of the church bell is the loudest sound heard; where the fields teem with homely promise of the coming harvest, and the voices of men are drowned in the prattle of nature—there are magnificent souls hidden beneath the humblest exteriors. The hand that holds the plough and scatters the seed may be hard and brown, but there is a whole heart in its grasp; the face that has been snowed upon and rained upon and blown upon is neither marred nor scarred, but grave and gentle; it shows in every lineament how ennobling is close communion with nature. The eye that sees the first tiny bud on the trees, the first blade of pale green grass, the first frail blossom of the woods, watches the covert approaches of spring with a glow and lustre that we do not often see in the dissipated town.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

A True Story of Street Life in Paris

It was the twelfth night after Christmas—an evening celebrated in England, France, and Germany by fetes and entertainments, in which the children bear a prominent part.

I must ask the reader to accompany me to an elegant mansion in the aristocratic Boulevard of Malesherbes, in the city of Paris. It was easy to see that something was going on inside, for it was brilliantly illuminated, and from time to time elegantly-dressed figures were indistinctly seen through the openings of the heavy curtains.

It was a Twelfth Night festival. The saloon was fairly ablaze with light. Multitudes of children, dressed with taste, moved about gracefully in childish dances, or eagerly partook of the luncheons which on that occasion are always liberally supplied. Among them moved elegant ladies, most of them being parents of children present, who with smiles watched the enjoyment of the little ones.

At last came the grand ceremony of the evening. This was the cutting of the Twelfth Night cake, which was of mammoth proportions, and of which each guest was entitled to a share. The cutting of the cake was watched with interest, and the pieces were drawn by lot. Just before this was done, however, the Countess de Charny said to the hostess, "Will you gratify me in a little caprice?"

"Certainly," said the hostess, complaisantly.

"It is this: I wish my portion of the cake to be given to the poorest little boy that can be found in the street."

The French are always fond of novelty, and this "caprice" struck the hostess as promising a pleasant variety.

"It is a good thought," she said. "I will at once dispatch Antoine on your errand."

Antoine was at hand, his services being liable to be called on at any moment. He shrugged his shoulders as the message was given him, and thought there was no accounting for the caprices of fine ladies. But of course it was not for him to remonstrate, and he went out to execute his errand. Reaching the street, he looked around him, hoping he might not have far to go in the cold, for it was one of the coldest nights of the winter.

"Ah, there's a little vagabond, luckily! Now to capture him."

The boy referred to was a ragged little Savoyard, of ten years old, apparently, who was standing opposite, with his little violin under his arm. He had been about the streets all day, playing wherever he could get listeners. From some places he had been driven with abuse, for his instrument was far from being a superior one, and poor little Carlo was only a passable player. The poor fellow had suffered not a little with cold, for his clothes were thin, and by no means sufficient for the season; and he had had nothing to eat since the crust of bread which was given him in the morning by the speculator who had brought him with several others, to Paris, and now lived on their earnings, doling them out the smallest allowance of food that would keep soul and body together.

After wandering about the whole day, little Carlo had strayed into the Boulevard des Malesherbes, and had paused in front of the beautiful mansion where the festival was going on. He could see indistinctly the forms of the children who were participating in the entertainment, and it is quite likely that the poor little fellow felt a sorrowful envy of those whose lot was so much brighter than his. His gaze was so intent that he did not notice the appearance of the servant, until Antoine, having crossed the street, laid his hand on his shoulder. Carlo started in alarm, and tried to tear himself from the servant's grasp.

"Not so fast, little chap," said Antoine. "I want you."

"I didn't do any harm," said the Savoyard, trembling; for he supposed Antoine's intentions were unfriendly.

"Who said you did? I only said that I wanted you."

The little Savoyard looked at him distrustfully. He had met with so little kindness in his life, that he regarded strangers as enemies rather than as friends.

"You are to come with me into yonder mansion," said Antoine.

"Where the lights are?" asked the ragged boy, in surprise.

"Yes. Come, hurry along. I don't want to stay out here in the cold."

"But why am I to go up there?" asked Carlo, puzzled.

"You will know when you get there. All I can tell you is that my mistress wants you.

"Perhaps I am wanted to play on my violin," thought the boy; and with this idea he followed the servant to the entrance of the mansion.

A moment later he was ushered into the brilliant saloon, blazing with lights. He looked around him, dazzled and nearly blinded by the glare. There was a chorus of ejaculations, and the young gentlemen and ladies gathered around the timid little Savoyard, who stood bewildered in the midst of the magnificence.

In the midst of it the Countess de Charny, whose caprice had been the cause of his appearance, advanced towards the little boy, and gently removed his tattered cap.

"Ah, he is indeed pretty," she said, as his chestnut hair fell in a natural wave over a fine brow, which seemed white in comparison with his sunburnt cheeks.

His eyes were a bright hazel, his features were exquisitely turned, only thin from want of sufficient food. In spite of his rags, it was easy to see that he was gifted with beauty.

"Countess, you will spoil your gloves," said a guest, as she took the little boy by the hand and led him forward into the centre of the saloon.

"Then I can buy another pair," she said, indifferently. "It is I who sent for you," she said to Carlo. "I will tell you what to do."

The drawing commenced. The little Savoyard followed the directions of the Countess, and his share of cake was handed him.

"Whoever finds the ring in his slice shall be the king of the party," said the hostess, in explanation; "or if it is a young lady she shall be queen. The king or queen has the right to select one of the opposite sex to share the honors of royalty."

"May I eat it, madame?" asked the Savoyard, with a longing glance at the cake he held in his hand.

"Yes, my child; but have a care not to swallow the ring, if it should be within."

All the children were eagerly examining the slices, in the hope of finding the ring which was the prize of the evening.

In the midst of it, the little Savoyard drew the glittering circlet from his cake, saying to the Countess, "I have it, madame."

"The king! The king! The little Savoyard is king!" shouted the children.

"You are the king of the festival!" said the hostess, advancing and leading forward Carlo, who seemed bewildered by the enthusiasm.

It was a strange scene—the little ragamuffin in the centre of the saloon, surrounded by elegantly-dressed children, over whom he was called to exercise sovereignty. The children enjoyed it better than if one of themselves had been chosen.

"A queen! a queen! He must name a queen!" shouted all.

"Look around you," said the hostess. "It is for you to choose a queen from those present."

The little Savoyard looked around him a moment, then went back to the Countess de Charny.

"I want you to be queen," he said.

"But," said the Countess, "it is the custom to choose a young girl."

"I want you to be queen," he persisted.

"Why do you choose me?" she asked.

"Because you are kind to me," said Carlo. "Besides, you look like my mother."

"Like your mother? Is she living?"

"I don't know, madame; but I have her picture."

"Show it to me," said the Countess, who seemed to be moved by a strange interest.

Carlo drew from under his ragged vest a small locket, suspended by a plain white string. The picture, though stained and discolored, presented the face of a beautiful young lady of twenty. No sooner did the Countess cast her eye upon it than she uttered a cry of joy, and threw her arms around the astonished boy.

"My boy, my boy, my own little Victor! are you again restored to me?"

All the guests gazed in astonishment at this unexpected tableau. The Countess, quickly recovering herself, said, while an expression of joy irradiated her sweet face: "The picture is mine, as you can perhaps discover by examining it. Eight years ago, I was journeying in the northern part of Italy with my husband and my little Victor, then four years of age, when he suddenly disappeared from me. We had no doubt that he was stolen, and offered a large reward for his recovery, but without success. From that day I have mourned for him as for one whom I never again expected to see in this world. It is doubtless Providence who by such strange means has restored him to me."

"Are you my mother, then?" asked Carlo.

"Yes, my child." And again the mother clasped the boy, ragged and dirty though he was, to her heart.

This time he returned the caress.

"Then I shall not be hungry any more?" he said.

"No, my poor child."

"Let him tell us his story," demanded the children.

So, seated on a chair in their midst, the little Savoyard told his story in answer to the many questions that were poured in upon him. As far back as he could remember, he wandered about with his little violin, in Italy at first, but for the last two years in Paris, where he had suffered every discomfort and privation. He was in the charge of an Italian named Giacomo Bartoni, who professed to take care of him, and to whom the violin belonged.

"We will send for him to-morrow," said the Countess. "I must buy the violin of him as a memorial of the years of terrible privation which you have passed."

That night the little Savoyard, who was accustomed to sleep on a bed of straw, rested his weary limbs on a bed of down, in the beautiful mansion of the Countess de Charny. The next morning, he was arrayed in an suit of elegant boy's clothing, in which he looked transformed. Scarcely was the metamorphosis complete, than his Italian master, who had been summoned, made his appearance, and bowing almost to the ground, was admitted into the presence of the Countess.

"Do you recognize this young gentleman?" asked the Countess, pointing to Carlo, who now looked like a little prince.

"No, madame."

"Yet you ought to know him well. It is the little Savoyard, Carlo."

Giacomo was overwhelmed with astonishment.

"But I not understand," he said.

The explanation was briefly made. The Italian was paid a munificent sum for the violin, which is now the only link which unites the little Count Victor with the poor little Savoyard of former years. He is now at a military school, and bids fairs to maintain by his talents the distinction of the illustrious family to which he belongs.

A STRANGE STORY OF A LIGHT.

BY MARY H. COLBY.

No one ever thought of doubting Father Marshal's word, and when he told us this story, one chilly night last September, we believed it, and we believe it still, without pretending to understand it. This is the story:

"When I was a boy," began the old gentleman, "and was learning my trade in Belvidere, New Jersey, I lived with old Major L——. Belvidere was a queer little country village then, with very few good houses in it, and the Major lived in the best one. It was a large square frame house, with a hall extending through the centre, and two great barn-like rooms on each side. Over the second floor was an immense attic the size of the house.

"This attic, or garret, was my sleeping-room. The bed was placed close against the old-fashioned chimney, which was in the centre of the spacious chamber, and Sam, the other apprentice, shared it with me. One night we went to bed rather earlier than usual, and Sam, being very tired (he was a year or two younger than I), was soon fast asleep. I was thinking of my mother, and of home, and a feeling of homesickness made me wakeful; but after a while I too fell into a sound sleep.

"Towards midnight I had an unpleasant dream, and was so thoroughly aroused that it seemed as if I should never go to sleep again. I lay there with closed eyes, listening to the heavy breathing of my companion, when something (I don't know what), prompted me to open my eyes and look up. I did so, and there directly above my breast, at a distance of about an arm's length, I saw a candle burning with a dim blue light—burning steadily and clearly, but very faintly.

"The candle was in a tall bronze candlestick, unlike any I had ever seen used by the family. The bottom was square, and on each side were pieces of brass as bright as if they had just been polished. Near the top of the bronze column were two angels with brass wings, and between them was a shining shield. Now, perhaps, you will wonder how I can describe it so minutely. But wonder took the place of fear, and I gazed with curious eyes until the image was impressed faithfully upon my memory. I have never seen a candlestick anywhere that bore any likeness to this one.

"At last, it occurred to me that I might bring this mysterious light nearer to me by reaching up my hand, for it was only a little way from me; and I did so. But just as I was about to grasp it, it rose slowly and steadily, as if drawn by unseen fingers, an arm's length nearer the roof. I withdrew my hand, and watched the phantom-candle for some time longer, and then determined to pursue my investigations.

"I knew that by sitting up in bed and reaching up my hand I could touch the strange thing if there was anything to touch, and immediately did so, but, as before, the effort was futile. Again it receded slowly an arm's length higher, this time almost reaching the beams. I fell back on my pillow discouraged and provoked, and a little bit—no, not frightened, but nervous.

"I lay still and watched the pale blue flame for many minutes, when suddenly an idea occurred to me. I would stand up in bed and then, by raising my arm, could touch the roof. I can then grasp the candlestick. I thought to myself 'if there is one there, or it will disappear and I shall then be rid of it.' I proceeded to action, rose up in the bed and raised my arm; but even as I did so the candle disappeared mysteriously through the roof into the night, the light burning brighter and clearer than ever. I gave up the chase and laid down, a little—oh, no, not frightened, but somewhat alarmed.

"Just as the candle disappeared through the roof, the clock down stairs in the hall struck twelve. I remembered this distinctly afterwards.

"This occurred on Tuesday night and all the week I was very restless and troubled, so much so, that the boys and men in the shop ridiculed me and asked if 'I had'nt broken away from my mother's apron strings yet.' I could not summon courage to tell them what was the matter, for I had been rather superstitiously reared, and regarded this strange light as a warning, and I could not bear to have the notion ridiculed. Besides I thought, as no one else saw it, it must have been intended for me alone, and for this reason I kept silent. I could scarcely wait till Saturday night, so anxious was I to reach home and see if all were well.

"Saturday at sunset, I started on my walk home, having for company Sam and a young Irishman, both of whom lived in the little village near my father's farm. It was a long walk, but we knew we could reach our homes by half-past nine o'clock if we walked briskly, and home-sick boys are generally good walkers.

"We soon left the little town of Belvidere behind us and reached the river road, a romantic, pleasant highway in the day-time, but gloomy enough at night. There was no moon and the sky was somewhat overcast, the dry leaves were blown hither and thither by the chilly autumn winds; the river looked dark and dangerous and it seemed to me, my mind being filled with dismal forebodings, that an evil spirit was walking with us.

"We followed the road for about two hours, then turned into a narrow, hilly lane leading to the up-country. At the end of this lane, which was two miles long, stretched a long piece of woods, and, by going through a portion of it we could shorten our walk a mile or more. There was a path through it, and we entered it with no misgivings, though Sam said encouragingly that a man was murdered there once, and no one ever found out who did the deed.

"We walked rapidly, single file, I being ahead of my companions, who talked together cheerfully, whistling a merry tune now and then and joking me on my gloomy silence.

"When about half through the woods I saw the flicker of a light in the trees and bushes on my right hand. It was only a dim light, not much more than that made by a glow worm, but it awakened my curiosity and I resolved to see what it was. So I left the boys and started for the bushes where it seemed to be. When I reached the bushes where I thought it was, I could not see it, but just beyond about three yards it appeared in a clump of young alders. Calling to my companions, who were now some distance from me, that I would join them in a moment, I walked on to the clump of alders, but there was no light there. It had passed on and I now saw it among some bushes on my left hand.

"I stood still a moment and looked at it. It seemed to burn more brightly and with a blue light, and instantly I thought of the phantom-candle in the attic chamber. At that moment an impulse I could not resist (and for which I afterwards thanked God), prompted me to follow the mysterious light. On and on it led me, around bushes, over fallen trees, past a clearing and through a marsh, until, just as I reached an open road that I knew led home, it disappeared.

"I had not thought of the time I had been in the woods, but when I reached home and stood on the door-step, I heard the old clock within strike twelve.

"Early the next morning word came that a man had been murdered near the village. It was the young Irishman. Sam escaped with an ugly wound."

HERE AND THERE.

AN Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Faith," said Pat, "I had a brother went to prison against his will, faith, he did."

A CORRESPONDENT writes asking for "a remedy for the apple-tree worm." How can we prescribe until we know what's the matter with your worm.

LITTLE Tommy (suddenly, on his way home from church): "What did you take out of the contribution-box, mamma? I only got ten cents." Look here!"

"MA," said a small boy, approaching his mother and exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of a severe pain in the bowels, "do you think green apples grow in heaven."

"You ain't afraid to die?" said the clergyman, tenderly. "No," replied the sufferer. "I'm only afraid if I do that the old woman will go smoothing among my private papers the first thing."

"You mustn't think, boys," said one of our leading orators, "that you can slash around with a hatchet and become great men. If George Washington had used a cheese knife, it would have been all the same."

A YOUNG gentleman who moves in the best society of San Antonio said the other evening to a young lady, "The foliage is much more exuberant this year than usual." "Yes," she answered thoughtfully, "all them imported fruits is cheaper than they used to was."

"MA, did you say that pa was never engaged to Miss Sally Snifkins?" Indignant mother, in reply—"He, my dear! he never even looked at her." Innocent but persistent child—"Ma, if pa had married Miss Sally Snifkins, would I have been red-headed?"

"STEAM is a great thing," remarked a traveller to a railroad car to his vis-a-vis. "So it is," was the reply. "I owe my fortune to it." "Monsieur is manager of a company?" "No." "An engineer, perhaps?" "No, I have lost a number of relatives by railroad accidents."

AUSTIN Reveille: This was told us by a prominent member of the Suzerne Lying Club: "Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Frederick, at lunch, how ethereal her appetite was to have the cook bawl out, 'Say will you have yer pork and greens now, or wait till yer feller's gone?'"

"CAN I open that window?" inquired a lady of a man who sat by it in deep thought. He arose from his reverie and looking at her said, "I think you can if you will fasten your mind right on it." She clasped her hand across her equator and retorted, "None of your chin music, now, for I'm darn sick to my stomach."

A GENTLEMAN inquired of the young lady clerk in a book store, the other day, if they had "Gates Ajar." She said yes—they had one. That it was the front gate, and since the warm weather began, it got to sagging so that they couldn't shut it, and it was ajar most of the time. She suggestively added, however, that the side-gate still worked nicely.

FOUND on the street: "Dear Samle: Pap's water-millions is ripe. Come and bring some more poetry like you brought afore. My love for you will ever flow like water runnin down a tater row. Bring a piece as long as your arm, and have a heap more about them raving ringlits and other sweet things. Come next Sunday and don't fole me."

A GENTLEMAN travelling through one of the most picturesque portions of the White Mountain region, saw a farmer at work, and being of a sociable disposition, approached the man and expatiated on the beauty and majesty of the surrounding scenery, concluding with the remark: "I suppose, my friend, you enjoy this glorious view that people come so far to look at?" "Why, yes," was the response; "but if I'd had the sortin' of these hills I'd made 'em a little peaked-er."

JOSH BILLINGS ON STRAWBERRIES.—The strawberry is one ov nature's sweet pets. She makes them worth fifty cents the first she makes, and never allows them to be sold at a mean price.

The color of the strawberry is like the setting uv the sun under a thin cloud, with a delicate splash uv rain in it; its fragrance is like the breath uv a baby when it first begins to eat wintergreen lozzingers; its flavor is like the nectar an old-fashioned goddess used to leave at the bottom uv the tumbler when Jubiter stood treat on Mount Ida.

There is many breeds uv this delightful vegetable, but not a mean one in the hull lot.

I think I have stole them, laying around loos, without any pedigree, in somebody's tall grass, when I was a lazy school boy, that eat dreadful easy without any white sugar on 'em, and even a bug mixed with 'em in the hurry uv the moment. Cherrys is good, but they are too much like sucking a marble that has got a handle tow it. Peaches is good, if u don't get cuny uv the pin feathers into your lips. Watermelons will suit everybody who is satisfied with half sweetened drink; but the man who can eat strawberries besprinkled with crushed sugar and bespattered with cream (at somebody else's expense,) and not lay his hand on his stummick and thank the author of strawberries and stummicks, and the phelow who pays for the strawberries, is a man with a worn-out conscience—a man whose mouth tastes like a hole in the ground, and don't care what gets down.

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The attention of our readers is called to an advertisement in another column under the title of "Imperial Granum." This article is a medicinal food for invalids and children, the main ingredient of which is the pure gluten of wheat, and which has received the unqualified endorsement of both the medical profession and the press.

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THE FASHIONS.

There has been such an anxious query sent to us as to the proper age to change from "kilt suits" to pants and jacket, for little boys, we shall for the general benefit of those interested in so important a matter, give some hints in this issue and sustain their reliability by quoting from high authority.

To begin with this last, it is customary abroad to keep the little men in kilted skirts, which, to their masculine perceptions, savor of the indignity of petticoats, until they reach the age of seven or eight years, but in progressive America

THE "FUTURE PRESIDENT"

asserts his freedom from the objectionable skirts, at a much earlier period, say about six or seven years of age at the outside, and even younger, as an ordinary rule.

The first pants are short, not coming below the knee, for a greater depth than four inches.

The jacket is of a fanciful cut, and often braided. The vest is usually high, and the rolling collar of an ordinary jacket or coat not yet added.

Sailor suits a few seasons ago, were given the preference to others, for "first pants and jacket," but have now become passé, to translate the French term, so expressive of that stage in fashion where the "bloom of the grape" or the "morning freshness" of a style has departed.

Yet one still sees these little manlieul vestments, especially in summer time for play-suits etc.

After much preliminaries we now come down to particulars. For a young American of seven we commend the following suit of

DOVE GRAY CASSIMERE.

The jacket is cut long on the hips, and indeed all around; but does not close in front, except just below the neck-band, where it is fastened with a tab and two buttons.

It is bound with grey, silk braid, and has a row of grey buttons from the neck to the hem on each side of the fronts.

The bottom of the front is not rounded at the corners, but cut squarely off.

Pockets are set in about three inches from the hem, or edge, and have the slit or opening concealed by a square flap, which is also bound with silk braid and has a button on each corner.

The pants are cut now without the band at the waist, and but for length, are generally made just as those for "big boys."

Two rows of braid are carried down the outer seam of these last, and six small buttons put on between the rows, commencing from near the lower edge, and extending up half way.

The vest is high at the throat, or else sloped out a little in a rounded "v" shape. It extends down quite low in front, closing squarely at the bottom, or else having a small piece cut off each corner. It is also bound with silk braid, and fastened with small buttons.

A deep sailor collar of white linen, and on "high occasions" of linen guipure or Irish lace is worn, and a necktie of Windsor silk.

Stockings of striped brown or dark blue, or else plain brown, gray or blue, are given a preference to brighter shades or plain white.

Sailor hats, of unbleached straw of a coarse braid, are popular this summer.

Derby hats are worn by a few, but the sailor shape, either with up-curving rim or straight, have a precedence over other shapes.

Let us also commend a

SAILOR SUIT,

of black and white checked linen. It is of an admirable coolness for play and such continuous exercise as delight the hearts of young nonchalettes, as Mark Twain phrases it.

The waist of this suite is made in the ordinary way, having an inch band of blue percale stitched on the edge of the collar, and forming the cuffs. A similar band may be stitched down each side of the pants on the outer seam. White or smoked pearl buttons are used on these linen suits.

For little girls there are charming suits of white and cream tinted pique, trimmed with Hamburg work in ruffles. Home dresses we have lately seen for girls of ages ranging from four to ten are made of Victoria lawn or Bishop's lawn, and have a

FRENCH YOKE BACK,

laid in longitudinal tucks, and an edging of Valenciennes lace at the throat and wrists. The skirts may be edged with one or two rows of knife-pleating of the same material as the rest of the suit, or else have a deep hem, surmounted by clusters of narrow tucks, alternated with one wider one, or instead a band of insertion.

In very warm weather these cool dresses are often worn loose, without confining sash or belt, and are used for overskirts, with silk or batiste underskirts.

Very elaborate and dressy ones are made of alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and bands of muslin, or else shirred puffs of muslin, either French or Swiss, and of a sheer quality.

Charming home dresses are shown of cambric, Scotch gingham and lawn, trimmed either with knife-pleatings of the same or bands of Hamburg work. Dark blue lawns and percales have Hamburg edgings, in white or cream-tinted cambric, and also pipings of white or cream-color to match.

Leghorn flats are still worn by little girls—looped under the rim, not having it entirely upturned, generally on the left side, and having a cluster of flowers, such as rose buds or field flowers, or else ribbon-loops to keep the looping in place. White netted scarfs, and white or cream-tinted ostrich plumes are much worn on such hats. Hats of Neapolitan braid, rough straw braids and softer chip, bent down over the brow and turned up behind, are much worn by little girls.

Fancy aprons for home and school wear have quite a popularity now also. Those made of French muslin or fine Nansook muslin, and trimmed with narrow pleatings of the same, edged with the narrowest Valenciennes lace, are quite popular, and are brightened with bows of blue, pink, cardinal, and cherry-colored ribbons. Dark blue, and even cardinal colored Balbriggan stockings, worked in silk clocks, are very fashionable for girls of all ages—being deemed very "stylish," with white suits, having sash and ribbon bows on the sleeves and at the throat to match them.

Linen dresses are made in many ways, some being heavily braided or worked by machine stitching; others having no trimming at all, but just a pleated flounce on the lower skirt—the upper skirt and basque being simply hemmed by machine stitching, sometimes having two or three rows; as often, only having one.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Dog collars, of filagree silver, in the pattern of daisies, strung upon a silver thread, and worn over a black velvet band, are fashionable.

Blue and white checked gingham suits have cardinal waist ribbons and sleeve bows, with neck-tie to match.

Dark blue and brown grenadine skirts are worn under cream-colored Mexicanes and grass-cloths.

Pale pink is coming into favor again.

Ecru Spanish lace covers for parasols, over black silk, are popular.

Linen lace trims batiste suits very prettily.

Something new in travelling and walking boots is Scotch plaid, "foxed" or tipped with French kid.

Gloves still continue long on the wrists, having three and four buttons.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C.—Brown and blue do not combine elegantly together for a suit. Why not plain and checked brown, or same in blue?

Julia T.—Neat patterns by mail.

THE FIRST IN AFTER DINNER.

BY T. B. S. ESCOTT.

They talk'd, in after-dinner phrase,
Of rise of stocks, of fall of shares;
Of speculation's crooked ways,
Of Egypt's bulls and Russia's bears;
Or, as old wine new thoughts inspired,
They raised the desultory theme
With zeal of *state* or party fired:
I heard it all as in a dream.

For still my ears one murmur filled;
My vision but one image knew;
Yours was the voice my senses thrill'd;
The murmur was your robe's *frou-frou*.
For when you pass'd throughout the door,
I, turning gloomy to my place,
Heard your dress rustle on the floor,
Saw but the gladness of your face.

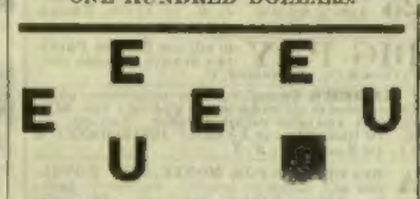
The talk droned on, the wine went round,
Discussion's jangling tone rose higher;
I watch'd my chance, occasion found
To 'scape the glance of either sire.
There to their disputations doom
I left the controversial three—
A stranger in your drawing-room!
You started, look'd, and then saw me.

We talk'd; but not of five per cent,
Nor of the senate nor the mart;
I conquer'd in that argument—
You paid the forfeit with your heart.
Then voices, steps upon the stairs;
And then, the door flung open wide—
A venerable pair of *pères*
Surprised us fairly; at their side
My elder rival, I divine,
At heart loathed walnuts, talk, and wine.

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

To the regular subscriber who shall first send the correct answer to the puzzle below, before October 1st, we will give

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.



We shall in due time publish the answer and announce the name of the winner, if any is fortunate enough to find the solution. Of course all who become subscribers before October 1st have the opportunity to compete. We can not fairly give information by letter or otherwise which will aid any body, and therefore decline answering such questions as "Is my solution correct?" until the time expires. It is to be a fair trial of wits, and will furnish pleasant study for many an hour.

VICISSITUDES.

A TALE WITHOUT A LOVER.

"So you will go, Charles?" said a young and beautiful girl, with tears glittering on her dark eyelashes, as she clung to the arm of a fine, noble-looking youth, who, from his resemblance to her, was evidently her brother.

"Yes, Kate, I must go. But why will you weep thus? Think how soon I shall return. Nay, you unman me." And, half ashamed of his tears, he dashed them aside, and parting the ringlets off his sister's fair brow, he kissed her, saying, "Listen, Kate; mother calls you. Once more, good-bye."

And kissing his hand to a lady, lovely, and scarce beyond the prime of life, he hastened away. Yet more than once he turned to gaze on the home he was leaving for the first time; and the fair young girl and her mother watched him till the shaded trees prevented their distinguishing him longer.

Charles Elliott was the only son of Captain Elliott, a brave and distinguished officer, but who had died before Charles had numbered his sixteenth year, leaving his widow and two children, and a fortune sufficient to maintain them comfortably, and supply them not alone the necessaries but the luxuries of life. An only brother of Mrs. Elliott's, Edward Clare, had in early life visited the East Indies, wishing to amass sufficient wealth to enable him to return a rich man. But the only tidings Mrs. Elliott had ever heard of him was the loss of the vessel in which he had sailed; and this induced her to decline giving her consent to Charles when he informed her his most ardent wish was to accept a lucrative employment which had been offered him in India.

India! It sounded to her like a death-knell; and it was not until the advice of her friends and the entreaties of Charles were exhausted that she could yield her consent.

But Charles was so animated, so full of hope and gaiety, that she could not but believe his cheerful prophecies of a happy return. To Kate, poor Kate! it seemed impossible Charles could leave them; and the two years he was to remain she fancied a long, long time. Yet as day by day rolled by, their sorrow wore off, and they began to look cheerfully forward to his return.

Kate Elliott was very beautiful, tall, well-formed, and commanding in person. Her face was of an oval contour, with exquisitely fine features; complexion of a warm, rich hue, with redundant tresses of raven blackness; and eyes large, expressive, and melting in their own softness, though of the same dark hue of her hair. Her disposition, like Charles's was naturally gay and lively; her mind well stored with the best literature of the day. She had been educated under the careful eyes of Mrs. Elliott. She was just sixteen, but two years younger than Charles, and now just emerging from lovely girlhood to a beautiful woman.

It was a bright summer morning, three months from the commencement of my story. In the small, but elegantly furnished drawing-room of Elliott Cottage, sat Kate and her mother. The windows were low, opening on a verandah, filled with plants; white muslin curtains shaded the sun's bright rays; a small marble stand, supporting a vase of beautiful flowers, stood before Mrs. Elliott. Kate sat by her side; some fine needlework, with which she had been engaged, lay on her lap, and an expression of deep thought was on her fine countenance.

"What are you thinking of, Kate?" said Mrs. Elliott, smiling. "You appear to be meditating deeply on some very interesting subject."

Kate looked up; a tear rested on her dark eyes as she said, "I am thinking of Charles, and I wonder he does not write."

"You forget, he has not had time to arrive there yet, and we have heard from him once."

At this moment a servant entered, with a letter in his hand. Kate sprang up, exclaiming, "A letter—from whom can it be?"

The handwriting was strange, and it was directed to Mrs. Elliott, who opened it, and read but a few lines, when, in a voice trembling from emotion, she exclaimed, "Kate, we are ruined!"

Mrs. Elliott's property was vested in the shares of a bank considered perfectly safe; but the letter informed her it had lately broken, and that her whole fortune was lost. Elliott Cottage did not belong to her; it had been let to her for a number of years, with the privilege of purchasing it at the end of that time. The lease expired within one month, and Mrs. Elliott then intended to purchase it; but now her plans were all frustrated. As the first shock of the blow wore off, they planned their future movements.

"We must," said Mrs. Elliott, "leave the cottage."

"Leave the cottage!" cried Kate. "Oh, no, we can not leave this, our own beautiful home!"

"Listen, Kate," said her mother. "How would this costly furniture contrast with our present fortunes? We have nothing left us, my child, save these; and to support ourselves, at least for a time, we must part with them."

Convinced of the truth of her mother's remarks, Kate strove to command her feelings, and appear in her mother's presence cheerful.

To Charles they wrote immediately, hoping the letter would reach him soon after his arrival. Mrs. Elliott knew that he would wish to return instantly on the receipt of her letter; but she assured him, much as they longed to see him, that it would be advisable for him to remain at present, as his employment was a lucrative one.

Happily, they received an advantageous offer for their furniture, which Mrs. Elliott instantly accepted. Kate's harp was sold; but her piano, with a few pieces of furniture, reserved by Mrs. Elliott, were conveyed to Woodford, a small village, but five miles distant from Elliott Cottage, and where they were in future to reside.

At last, the day came for their departure from their old home; and Kate had visited all the villagers heretofore pensioners of her bounty, and the neighbors who had sympathized with them; and now she ran over the cottage, to look at the rooms once more. At one she stopped; it was her own room.

PHOTOGRAPHIC BUILDING.

The woodbine had climbed the latticed window, and its perfumed fragrance filled the air. Poor Kate! she thought of the happy days she had passed there; of the many joyous hours she might never see again; and her tears fell like raindrops on honeysuckles beneath her window.

She broke a branch, ladened with bright blossoms, and hastily left the room.

"Come, Kate, are you ready?" said her mother, who was already seated in the vehicle that was to bear them away.

The servants were gathered on the lawn, in a melancholy group, to bid Miss Kate good-bye. The gardener approached her with a bouquet of flowers.

"Good-bye, Miss Kate," said the poor fellow, while tears rested in his eyes; "I have gathered some of the flowers you love; and, Miss Kate, I have sent some of the prettiest on to Woodford for you; and when you water them and tend them, you will remember poor Robert."

"Oh, I shall never forget you!" cried Kate. And springing into the carriage, it drove off, amid the blessings of the group.

Their new home was small. It consisted of but two rooms on the first floor of a two-story house, the rest of which was occupied by its owner, a respectable widow-lady, Mrs. Lacy. The view from it, however, was pleasant, and under Kate's judicious management, their furniture was soon arranged; and it looked so neat and comfortable that her gay spirits rose again.

"See, mamma," she exclaimed, "does not that recess look as if it were made for my piano? The plants, too, are almost as pretty as at the cottage; and Bob, pretty fellow, I am sure he likes it better—don't you, my bird?"

And Bob burst out with a gay, merry strain, as if he understood his mistress's words. Mrs. Elliott smiled, but it was a sickly smile; and Kate saw that her cheek was paler than its wont, and her eye had lost its usual brightness.

"I am sure you are unwell, mamma, are you not?"

"No, dearest," answered her mother; "I am only weary. You must remember our excitement is wearing off.—Come, let us look on yonder beautiful sunset."

But on the morrow, she was worse, much worse; and Kate, alarmed, sent for a physician.

* * * * * * *

It was four months after their removal from Elliott Cottage, towards the close of autumn, that Kate Elliott sat by the bedside of her dying mother. Yes, Mrs. Elliott was fast reaching that bourne whence no traveller returns. She had fallen into an uneasy slumber. Kate sat in silent despair. She seemed without the power of tears. Not far from her sat Mrs. Lacy, whose aged countenance wore an expression of the deepest sympathy and sorrow.

"Kate!" Kate started. Her mother was awake. "I must leave you, my child; 'tis God's will. Tell Charles my last blessing was for him—my last command, that he should cherish you with all a brother's care. Come nearer, Kate." And she obeyed. "We shall meet again, dearest, in a better world, where there is no care, where all is joy and peace, and bliss."

And with a deep sigh, her spirit fled.

"What are your future plans, Miss Elliott?" said Mrs. Lacy to Kate, a few weeks after her mother's death.

"I intend to open a small school," replied Kate, "if I can procure one, and support myself thus until my brother's return. I have written to him, but it will be some time before he receives my letter."

"You forget, Miss Elliott, that there is already a school in Woodford; but if you will not take it amiss, Lady Willerton, of Willerton House, was trying to get a governess for her children, and I am sure you would suit her."

Kate could not bear the idea of being dependent on others; and though Mrs. Lacy wished her to stay with her, still she felt she should be dependent upon her; and while health and strength were hers, she determined to maintain herself. So she sought Lady Willerton.

The furniture belonging to Kate, Mrs. Lacy purchased; and as she would not part with her piano—her mother's gift—it was to remain in Mrs. Lacy's care. The expense attendant on her mother's illness had exhausted nearly all their money; and with but few pounds remaining, Kate became governess to Lady Willerton's children.

Mrs. Lacy took an affectionate leave of her; and begged her, if she ever needed a home or a friend, that she would come to her.

Kate's pupils were three young girls, the oldest scarcely fourteen. Naturally possessed of good dispositions, they had been indulged to a fault, until they were pettish, wild, and wilful as possible. She had much to bear with them; but their wilfulness was preferable to the cold and distant manner of their elder brother and sister. Lady Helen Colbert was haughty, vain, and proud; jealous of the admiration Kate excited, and envious of her rare beauty. Lord Henry was her counterpart in personal appearance, manners and disposition.

Kate felt keenly the difference between her former and present situation. Once, she was the admired of all. If she sang or played, all listened with rapt devotion. Now, though very seldom, if at Lady Willerton's request, she took her place at the harp or piano, though her execution was perfect and her ear true to harmony, none praised—"it was only the governess."

Willerton House was now crowded with visitors—among others, Lord William Brereton, Henry Colbert's intimate associate. He was reckless, wild, and dissipated, but heir to an immense fortune; and in consequence of this last virtue, a suitable match for Lady Helen. Brereton had seen Kate, and struck with her commanding beauty, he determined to induce her to become Lady Brereton, if only to provoke the Willertons—and Helen, in particular, whom he disliked, and whose plans he had long seen through. Too concombical to fancy Kate could refuse him, he persisted in forcing his disagreeable attentions upon her; and at last, with an air of confidential success, he informed her that it was his intention to make her Lady Brereton.

Kate's eyes flashed and her cheek glowed at his confident and half-insolent manner; but, with an air of mock humility, she begged to decline his proposals.

The coxcomb was astonished.

"What!" said he, "the poor governess refuse me—Lord William Brereton! Egad, you are not in earnest?"

"I am in earnest," replied Kate. "My lord, the poor governess scorns you!"

And, with a flashing eye and proud step, she left the room. In the hall she met Lady Willerton, whom she had no doubt had heard all that had passed; and in this opinion she was confirmed, when, in an hour's time, Lady Willerton informed her she should have no further need of her services.

To Mrs. Lacy's, then, her only friend, Kate went. She was warmly welcomed; but Mrs. Lacy's quick eye perceived the change in Kate's looks. Nothing could exceed the marble whiteness of her brow; but on either cheek dwelt a feverish, hectic spot, and her eyes were unusually bright and dilated. On the morrow, Mrs. Lacy found her in a raging fever. In her delirium, she called upon her mother, and begged that she might die, too. Oh, it was a sad sight to behold that young and beautiful being lying so utterly helpless; and sadder still was it to listen to the wild and passionate appeals that ever and anon burst from her lips.

It was the ninth day—the crisis of her fever; and to Mrs. Lacy's joy, she had fallen into a calm, cool slumber. Towards evening, Kate awoke suddenly, and her glance fell on a tall, handsome youth, at her bedside. Was it a stranger? No, it was Charles—her own Charles. Who can describe the joy of that meeting?

Charles had not received their first letter; but immediately on receiving Kate's, he had started for home, accompanied by his uncle, Mr. Clare, whose name had struck him; and after a few inquiries he discovered in the wealthy Indian nabob his mother's brother.

Although the vessel in which he had sailed was lost, still his life was preserved; and to letters which he had written, he received no answers. He had married a wealthy merchant's daughter, but who had lately died. He had no children; and the sight of Charles arousing old memories in his heart, he had determined to return to his native land.

Kate rapidly recovered; and in one month, a happy group were assembled in Elliott Cottage—consisting of Mr. Clare (its owner), Charles and Kate Elliott, and Mrs. Lacy, who was in future to reside with them.

Kate was playing on her piano to her uncle; her canary, Bob, reinstated in his old place, was rivalling her in his clear, ringing song; but as she rose from her piano, tears glittered in her beautiful eyes as she exclaimed, "Oh, if mamma were but here!"

But her tears were dried as she remembered her last words: "We shall meet again."

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broken.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The Centennial Photographic Company have erected upon the grounds, almost opposite to Machinery Hall on the east, the largest studio that was ever known in America, we think we may say, the largest ever known in the world.

The building was designed by Mr. H. J. Schwarzman, the architect of Horticultural and Memorial Halls, and is of very pretty design and finish. Its dimensions are 65 by 120 feet, with a handsome portico around, with paneled sides and ends, and with scarcely any windows, all the light being received from a court inside, around which the building is erected. The interior is divided into the different departments for the various manipulations and business of the company, and is most conveniently arranged.

We enter the reception-room where sales of views are made, and where not only views of the Exhibition inside and out, but of all parts of the country may be had, besides many novelties in photography of various kinds.

From this to the right, the immense studio or sky-light of the company is entered. This is divided according to circumstances in from three to five separate apartments, where the best possible photographic portraiture is made in all styles and sizes. The amount of apparatus and paraphernalia is something immense.

During the time of taking photographs for the tickets given to exhibitors, a motley crowd was assembled in this building. From the further end of the reception-room to the extreme inward end of the sky-lights stood in solid mass rows of humanity, and crowds from all creation. There were Tunisians, Algerians, Turks, Chinamen, Japanese, Africans, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Arabs, all jabbering in their native tongues, scrambling for their turns in their national way, showing their international measure of push and enterprise in getting ahead, giving evidence of their several dispositions as circumstances required. A true Babel, indeed, and a most picturesque sight. Day by day, nearly seven hundred heads were taken off for the purpose named.

The work which the Centennial Photographic Company have specially undertaken to do is first to preserve a pictorial record of the beauties which are gathered in the Exhibition, and for such parties as may for scientific, artistic and educational purposes wish them.

Then there is the Exhibitor, who, having devoted himself to make his best display, and places his most magnificent foot foremost, desires, of course, to preserve a likeness of his handiwork, and by our friends, the photographers, he is helped in this matter.

Then we have the guardian of "Old Abe," and the "grape-vine" of California, and of the "Tunisian Cafe," and the "Old Log Cabin," and what not in the side show line, who desire to increase their revenue by the sale of the photographs, all coming to our company for help.

But even more important than these side issues, we find the Centennial Photographic Company very busily engaged at present, making the illustration for a very handsome work, to be entitled "Art of Industry," and the prospectus of which we are promised soon by the publishers, Messrs. Joseph H. Coates & Co., 822 Chestnut street.

The Centennial Company have in their employment a working force of about one hundred and fifty people, the majority of whom are men; but there are a great many of the fair sex also employed, photography opening the way in several branches for woman's work.

Each little stereoscopic picture which is sold for twenty-five cents, must pass through about thirty-six pair of hands, before it is delivered to the purchaser.

Some of the manipulations are exceedingly beautiful. We were specially impressed with the development of the plate or negative. After it has been exposed in the camera, it is taken into the dark room, removed from the little chamber which held it while the light danced upon it and the object simultaneously, and we see nothing but a white, creamy film upon the face of the plate. Holding this plate by one corner over a tank, the operator pours upon it with a dexterous sweep a solution dubbed the "developer," and lo! what a stampede is caused by this. The activity of an ant hill can only give an idea of the consternation and commotion amid particles, which the bringing together of this creamy film and the solution causes.

The moment the developer touches the film, action begins with the little particles of silver too minute to be seen, scampering with all their tiny might about the surface of the plate, striving as did our foreign friends described above, each one to get his place, for woe be to the lag behind; there is no gate ajar for the improvident virgin who has not received her sufficient store of light; the gates are shut and she is left behind, while the lucky ones, or we should say those who have been acted upon by the light, remain, and putting their little shoulders to the work, each one assists in building up upon the plate what is called the "image" or negative. So it will be understood that when these little creatures clamber together in the greatest mass, the thickest portions of the negatives occur and vice versa.

The negative is now dried and varnished and appropriately labled, and carried to the printing-room, where placed in contact with delicate sheets of silvered paper, it is placed in the sun, and these little molecules banded and braced together, begin their work of battling with the sunshine. Where they are in thickest number or gathered in greatest strength, of course the least sunshine is admitted, and where there is but a scanty gathering of the little giants more light is admitted. So that we see, when a picture is printed upon paper it is exactly the reverse as to the white and black of one negative.

Now the print is taken and the molecules of silver enacted upon by light are washed away, and then comes the rough and tumble of photographic manufacture.

The prints are passed though solutions of acids, salt, gold, soda and water, and squeezed between sheets of india-rubber and rolled, and dried, and pressed, and burnished, until they present their shining faces to us as we see them in the stalls or at the counters of the Centennial Photographic Company.

The work of this Company is as good as modern photography can produce. The gentlemen who compose the Company, have mainly had long and favorable connection with photography, and are satisfied with no result that can be bettered, and their design has been, aside from the revenue which they may obtain from the enterprise, to reproduce beautiful things of the Exhibition to as great a degree as it is possible for photography to do.

To what measure they have succeeded there can be no doubt, when we are assured that they are always behind their orders, and the cry is constantly from all sections of the country for more.

MODERATION may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—"He Would be a Soldier;" "The Siesta;" "The Melancholy Days have Come;" "On to Victory."

W. T. (Baltimore).—Is the whole history of railroads comprised within the last one hundred years?" Yes.

C. H. HALM. (Keokuk, Iowa.) writes: Please inform me where I can obtain the "American Nautical Almanac." It is published by the "Bureau of Navigation," at Washington. By addressing this Bureau you will be able to obtain it.

ARTIST (Philadelphia).—"When was the 'Bohemian Girl' first produced and what is the proper term to be used in designating it? Who composed it?" The "Bohemian Girl" is an opera, composed by Balfe, and first produced in London in 1843.

OPERATOR (West Point, Miss.).—"What is the word 'telegram' derived from, and who first used it." The word "telegram" is derived from the Greek roots *tele*, "at a distance," and *gramma*, "a letter," or something written. It was first introduced into use by a Scotch lady while resident in India.

AMATEUR (Cleveland, O.).—"Will you kindly inform me how long since Adelina Patti first appeared on the English stage, and whether or not she is married. If so, to whom." Madame Adelina Patti made her *debut* in London at Covent Garden Theatre, in May, 1861, as *Amina* in "La Sonnambula." She was married to the Marquis de Caux, on the 29th of July, 1868.

A. S. D. E. (Bloomington, Ill.) wants to know the significance and derivation of the names "Amelia," "Edith," and "Ethel." Amelia is another form of the French Amy, or Amie, "a friend." Edith is Anglo-Saxon, and means "abundance of prosperity." Ethel is, also, Anglo-Saxon, and is the prefix of a variety of names, all of them signifying "nobility of stature or mind."

POET (North Hero, Vt.).—"I have had a dispute about the quotation 'beauty unadorned is adorned the most,' and would be obliged if you will tell me where it occurs, and quote it correctly." The passage occurs in Thomson's "Seasons," and is as follows:

"Loveliness
Needs not the aid of foreign ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

SHEFFIELD (Charlottesville, Va.).—"Was the present Prince of Wales born such?" Neither the present or any other Prince of Wales was born such. The title is created by letters patent from the Crown, issued soon after the birth of the eldest son of the Sovereign. The Princes of Wales are born Dukes of Cornwall—that title and the estates being hereditary in the heir to the Crown, being a male.

CURIOUS (Schoharie, N. Y.).—"I should like to know, through the POST, what is the 'Sacristy' that you sometimes hear mentioned in connection with the Episcopal Church." The "Sacristy" is an apartment attached to the Church in which are kept the sacred objects used in the public worship, and in which the clergy, and other functionaries who take part in the services, assemble and prepare for the ceremonies on which they are about to enter.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (Cornwall on the Hudson, N. Y.).—"Will you please give me a good recipe for making English muffin cakes." Melt in a pint and a half of warm milk five ounces of butter; add to this four tablespoonfuls of strong brewer's yeast and four well beaten eggs; mix the whole into three pounds of dry flour, knead it well and let it work; make it into medium-sized cakes, and when they are nicely risen, bake them upon buttered tins in a moderate oven.

LEWIS M. K. (South Bend, Ind.).—"Will you tell me whether strychnine is a mineral or vegetable, when it was first discovered, etc., and the effects, length of time to produce death, etc." Strychnine is a poisonous vegetable alkali, and was discovered in 1818 by two French chemists in the seeds of the *strychnus gnaia* and *nux vomica*, and also in the upas poison. Its operation is accompanied by lockjaw, and it is so virulent that half a grain blown into the throat of a rabbit will produce death in four minutes.

A. R. C. (Kentucky) writes: "Isn't the word "news" taken from North, East, West and South? I have always thought so, and it seems likely, because it means things from all quarters. Also, will you tell me the real meaning of the word legend." The word "news" has nothing to do with the points of the compass. It is simply derived from "new," "new things," or "new tidings," and is easily shortened to "news." The word "legend" means a traditional story, possibly founded on fact, but not accepted as fact.

SADDLER (Pleasant Hill, Mo.).—"Please give me a recipe for a good composition for harness, carriage tops, shoes, etc." Take four ounces of beeswax, four ounces of Ullathorne's heelballs, one pint and a quarter of spirits of terebinth, three ounces and a half of ivory black, and a half ounce of indigo, juice of a lemon, whites of four eggs. Dissolve the wax and heelballs in the spirits of terebinth. Mix the ivory black, indigo and egg well together; then add the lemon juice, and lastly the dissolved wax, etc., and mix all well together.

THEATRE-GOER.—"I have recently witnessed a very fine play called "Jane Eyre." Who was Jane Eyre. Is the character founded on fact, or did the dramatist draw upon his imagination. Also the Lord Rochester of the play. Please answer in your column of correspondence." Jane Eyre is neither a real character, nor the product of the dramatist's imagination. The person and plot of the play were taken bodily from Charlotte Bronte's celebrated novel of Jane Eyre. The dramatist goes further in raising the plain Mr. Rochester of the book into the ranks of the peerage, by creating him a lord.

P. N., (New Bloomfield, Pa.).—"Will you please answer a few questions for me? What is double leverage, and what is it generally used for? Is it patented? What is the best book on etiquette, and where can I get it? what is the price?" We do not know any system of leverage under that name. There are compound and universal levers in use, but we know of no double levers. In regard to your other question, there are many books extant on the subject, but it would not be easy for us to tell which would best meet your requirements. You had better apply to some bookseller in your town, state what kind of a work you want, and let him procure it for you.

TEACHER, (Byron, O.) asks:—"Will you please answer two questions for me. What is the proper pronunciation of the name Lochiel? Who was D'Israeli, the author?" Lochiel is pronounced in three syllables, with the accent on the second, as if written Lo-kee-el. D'Israeli was, and is, an English Jew, an able writer, orator and statesman, of world-wide reputation. He was born in London in 1805. While young, he published several novels, which received favorable notice, and were widely read. In 1837, he entered Parliament. In this position he soon proved himself a powerful speaker and thinker, and has gone steadily upward, until in 1868 he held the highest office in the English Government, that of Prime Minister.

J. M. V., (An Old Subscriber): 1. How much per month do cattle men in Texas pay herders? 2. What part of Texas would you advise me to go? 3. How much do farmers pay per month in California? 4. What part of the State is best to settle in? 5. What part of the West would you advise a young man to go to take up a claim?" 1. Herders in Texas receive, according to their skill and energy, from $25 to $45 per month. 2. For cattle-raising, southwestern Texas, near San Antonio, would be preferable; for farming, the central or eastern part of the State. 3. Farmers pay in California for skilled labor about $40 per month; for ordinary hands from $18 to $25. 4. If you are doing well at home, we would not advise you to go to California, as the State is overrun with unemployed men. 5. Kansas or Texas offer better inducements to those wishing to take up claims than any other State.

ELLA DALE, (Allenton, Ala.)—"I have been for some time on very friendly terms with a neighboring family, where there are but two young people, a brother and sister. The gentleman is always very kind and attentive to me, whenever my brother and I go there; which is very frequently. I have always treated him as I would any other gentleman friend—but his sister seems to think otherwise. The other day we were jesting and talking of different subjects, when she said that if I lived for another year, I would find out that some people were not so very faint-hearted, unless they wanted to be. Now, I know that she meant her brother; but cannot think what she said it; for, and I wish you would please tell me what you think about it. Also, is it proper for a lady to thank a gentleman for his company, when he escorts her home from a party or from church." Were we in your place, we should consider it of no great importance what she meant. So long as you conduct yourself with propriety, you should not permit such vague expressions to disturb your peace of mind. It will be quite time enough, when the gentleman himself makes some significant declaration, for you to consider the matter seriously. As to your second question, there surely can be no impropriety in thanking a gentleman for any polite attention, though, of course, it would not always be deemed necessary.